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ON A MIDNIGHT PROWL.

The Wolf.

In the mountains of South Africa there are still many wolves, which at times are very daring. One evening a little Kaffir girl, about eight years old, was lying near the door of her father's dwelling, when four wolves rushed in upon her. One seized her by the head, another by the shoulder, and two others by the legs, and carried her off. Her screams were heard, and the wolves were overtaken and forced to release the poor child, who was dreadfully hurt by the teeth of the hungry beasts. The parents nursed the little sufferer, but could not heal her wounds.

As they thought their child would die, they wished to get her out of the hut before she expired: for the Kaffirs fear to touch a dead body. Her father carried her to a great distance from her home, and laid her down near some trees, where no one could hear her groans, and there left her to die.

As the poor little girl lay in this place,

she thought of the missionary. She knew where he lived, and she said, 'I will try and creep to his house, for he is kind—he will not cast me out.'

She slowly moved with great pain over the rough places, and at length got to his dwelling. When he saw the bleeding child his heart was filled with pity. He heard her story, and counted fourteen wounds made by the teeth of the wolves. He laid the child upon his bed, washed her wounds, put ointment on them, and then bound them up with linen.

Day after day he watched her till she got well. While he nursed her, he told her of that Saviour who had done more for her than he could do. When the marks were almost gone, he asked her if she wished to go back to her parents. 'Oh, no,' she said, 'they will cast me out. You took me in; I will stay with you.'

One day, as the missionary was walking near his house, he heard a voice. It was the

voice of a child, engaged in prayer. He looked, and soon saw the little stranger among some tall weeds, praying to her Father in Heaven. From this time he had hope that she was one of the lambs of Christ.

How much had this little Kaffir girl to thank God for! If she had not fallen into the power of the wolves, she might never have listened to the teaching of the Gospel, and would have died in her sins.

A Professor and the Sabbath.

Professor E. W. Clark was engaged a number of years ago by the Japanese government to take charge of a scientific school, and teach chemistry and physics. It was when the 'Yankeeland of the East' was just opening its gates to the foreigner, and the Daijokan—the council of state—was in deadly fear of the religious doctrines of the strangers who were pushing into the country.

When the professor arrived in Yokohama,

the officials called upon him with the contract—thirteen long articles written in Japanese, Chinese, and English. His salary was to be a liberal one, and the government was to furnish him with horses, guards, interpreters, attendants, philosophical apparatus, and a large temple in which to live. But, craftily inserted in the articles was a clause forbidding him to teach Christianity, and binding him to keep silence on all religious subjects for a space of three years.

'Sign the promise,' said the interpreter, 'but when you get off in the country you can break it and teach what you please.'

'Sign it,' said some expedient American friends, 'or you will lose three hundred dollars a month, and all your good chances besides. Some mere adventurer will get the position, and will do the people more harm than good.'

But the professor would listen to neither of these suggestions of 'policy.' He had spent all his money in getting to Japan, and if he should lose the situation he would be in an impoverished condition. Yet he was a Christian, and he could not live among these unenlightened people and keep his mouth closed upon the most vital subject in earth and Heaven. Nor could he sign the pledge and afterward break it; such a suggestion was not to be for a moment considered.

So he determined not to sign the contract, and wrote to the government that unless the objectionable clause was withdrawn, he could not accept the professorship. 'It is impossible,' he added, 'for a Christian to dwell three years in the midst of a pagan people and keep silence upon the subject nearest his heart.'

Much to his delight—and to the utter astonishment of his 'political' advisers—he received within three days an answer, saying that the clause against Christianity should be stricken out. Instead of thinking less of the professor, or being vexed at his obstinacy the Japanese officials respected him for his conscientious honesty, and became more friendly than ever.

The professor took charge of the school, which was several hundred miles from Yokohama, and had a thousand students and fifty Japanese teachers. When he made out the programme of the studies he said nothing about the Sabbath, but left the space for that day blank. There is no Sabbath in the Japanese religion, but the officials inferred the professor's wishes, and inserted the word 'rest' in the blank space. An order was also issued closing the school on Sunday.—W. Bert Foster, in Epworth 'Herald.'

Mrs. Mott's Surprise.

Ever since Mrs. Mott had heard that the Rev. Stephen Stephenson was to preach on the following Sunday she had been looking forward to the day with almost childlike eagerness.

'It must be the same, it's such a queer name,' she said to herself as she walked to church. 'It's over thirty years since I saw his bonny face, and then he was only eight. What pranks he used to play! And now to think of his being a parson! I am glad.'

The sermon preached in the village church that day was gratefully remembered by many who heard it.

After proving clearly from God's own Word that sinners are freely invited to come to the loving Saviour, 'who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree,' the preacher urged those who already loved the Lord, to try and win others to Him by lip and life.

'I was but a little lad,' he said in conclusion, 'when I was told of the Saviour's love by my nurse, who was a true Christian. Years after, during an illness, the recollection of her simple, earnest words, the texts she taught me, and her own bright example, came to me with vivid clearness, and I decided to devote my life to the dear Lord who had given His for me.'

Mrs. Mott was on her way home when Mr. Stephenson, who was going in the same direction, overtook her.

'You were of great use to me this morning,' he said with a smile: 'such an attentive listener is a wonderful help to a preacher. But I fear you are in trouble,' he added,

ed, for tears were rolling slowly down the aged face.

'I was nurse to a young gentleman of your name, sir, and I hoped that it might have been you till you said that about your nurse, and then I know it couldn't be; and I can't help feeling sadly when I think of what I might have done for dear Master Stevie boy.'

'Nurse Player used to call me that,' exclaimed Mr. Stephenson.

Mrs. Mott's face beamed with joy as she said,

'My name was Player before I married, but—oh, Master Stevie, it can't be true—you don't really mean that I—!'

'I mean that I can never be grateful enough to my good nurse,' interrupted Mr. Stephenson, as he took the old woman's hand kindly in his; and 'depend upon it, dear friend, those who try lovingly to lead others to Christ have many glad surprises in store for them; if not on earth, in heaven.'—People's Own Paper.

George Herbert on 'Worship.'

By all means use sometimes to be alone,
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth
wea r,

Dare to look in thy chest, for it's thy own:
And tumble up and down what thou findest
there.

Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out-of-door his
mind.

When once thy foot enters the church, beware:

God is more there than thou, for thou art
there

Only by His permission; then beware
And make thyself all reverence and fear,

Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings; quit thy
state;

All equal are within the church's gate.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part;
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures
thither,

Christ purged His temple; so must thou thy
heart,

All worldly thoughts are but thieves met
together

To cozen thee. Look to thy acting well,
For churches either are our heaven or hell.

Witnessing in Society.

(Mrs. Harvey-Jellie, in the 'Christian.')

Carriages were driving to and from the richly ornamented portico of Grasley Hall, whose new inmates were holding a grand reception. Each visitor mentally exclaimed, 'How superb!' for nothing that artistic taste and money could supply had been forgotten in planning the interior of that well-situated mansion.

Alfred Carlence had been prosperous beyond all telling in foreign trading, his fair young wife, several years his junior, crowned his possessions with grace and cultured brightness, and, as far as this world's riches can satisfy, they were happy.

Titled people came and went, men and women of coveted homes. Sparkling with smiles and in elegant attire, Helena Carlence welcomed her guests. Strangers they were with the exception of one, and she was clad in a widow's garb. During the fragmentary conversations, Helena was hearing words once spoken to her by that one. It was when they had lived near and been girls together. The widow, then a young and ardent Christian, had spoken about the claims of Christ, only to be rejected by her friend.

'You will believe me some day, and I will prove to you I mean it,' she had said as they parted to take different ways in life.

Why had she come uninvited on that afternoon? Yet, as an old acquaintance, she was welcomed, and asked to stay, until, after music, laughter and cheery talk, one by one the company took their leave.

'Yes, I am a widow,' said Marie Somers, as she alone sat with the merry bride, 'and but for the all-sufficiency of Christ, I would be in sheer despair. Helena, once more as of old, I address you—Oh, make sure of life in Christ.'

She had kept her promise to 'prove she

meant it.' She felt God had laid it on her conscience to go that day and speak, although it cost her much, and she was sadly tempted to leave her message for another time. 'Out of place, to speak about such things on a day like this, but I know you mean well,' was the only response, and Marie Somers trembled as the page closed the door behind her.

A round of parties, morning drives, and concerts filled up the weeks. Helena would have said we have two selves, for she knew there was an inner self struggling to be free, and to correct the outer self.

It happened on a spring afternoon that Mrs. Somers sat alone on her garden seat arranging some early blossoms to carry to the sacred spot where lay the earthly part of him she had loved. She started at the touch of a hand. Helena Carlence had left her carriage and quietly walked along the garden to where she saw the widow sitting. Without delay, as one burdened with a message, she spoke in haste. 'Maria, I want that life in Christ of which you spoke at my reception; there is an empty place everywhere, and within my soul. Tell me the first steps. Oh! how ignorant I am!'

The flowers were laid aside, and the widow gently assured her friend, speaking of repentance, and cleansing, of full surrender, and of the incoming of God's spirit. She spoke as one who understands, and knows the importance of such experience; and when the carriage returned, Helena was reluctant to go.

'Have you returned all your calls?' asked her husband, as she alighted at the door.

Taking his arm, and walking into the library, she answered, 'I have been to see that brave visitor of whom I told you; some of the others must wait.'

'I can't say I believe in that sort of people; there is a time for everything; fancy religion at a reception!' he said, anxious not to seem to reproach his wife.

'Yes, I know there is a time for everything, and the only time for the soul is the present,' she replied earnestly. 'What blessing she brought to Grasley Hall that afternoon! An angel might covet such a mission, to be used of God to move in and out among the spiritually ignorant rich people, and remind them that they have a soul!'

Always welcome, Marie Somers was frequently a guest at the Hall; often the carriage was seen also, waiting outside her home and many profitable hours were thus spent.

Late in the summer the widow lay dying. Summoned to her side, Helena Carlence sat listening to her parting words:

'My joy has been to seek the unsought ones of society, and to know nothing among them but Christ. I want you now to take up the work I lay down.'

'Marie, how dare I? it is the hardest work of all to speak in such society. What will they say?'

'If it can help you, think of me. I ventured to risk offending you. Above all, think of him, who suffered the loss of all to reach ruined souls and save them. Say you will live and speak only for eternity.' And the feeble hand was held out as she spoke.

The fair mistress of Grasley Hall never had looked so beautiful as when, with upturned face and tearful eyes, she said, 'For Christ's sake and yours I will.'

Years are passing, but not without joy among the angels over sinners brought to repentance from the rich homes of earth, and often the story is told of 'that brave visitor.'

God give us zeal and faith and fervour,
Make us winning, make us wise,
Single-hearted, strong and fearless,
Thou hast called us; we will rise!
Let the might of Thy Good Spirit
Go with every loving word;
And by hearts prepared and opened
Be our message always heard.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright)

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CHAPTER III. Continued.

"Over with the bar'll!" bellowed Rasmus, catching up a smoldering bed-quilt, which he held spread abroad, as he ran at the chief source of danger, the kerosene; the captain and steward aided, and with some burning of hands, singeing of hair, and scorching of clothes, the flaming barrel was cast overboard, and began to drift swiftly down-stream, before the fire had done more than blaze along the outside. The mate had already headed a gang of stevedores who were rolling the other barrels out of the way; between smothering flames, throwing overboard burning material, and flooding with water, by the time the pilot had brought the boat to the nearest bank, the fire was almost extinguished, and the captain was shouting, "All safe!" However, every one seemed nervous and suspicious; the dark land looked more desirable than the boat, and the officers determined to lie by for a few hours, and calm the minds of the passengers, by allowing them to go ashore. Thus the steamer lay at her improvised landing, while stewards and stevedores, with soap, water, scrubbing-brushes, sponges, and paint, endeavored to do away with all traces of the little disaster; and in admiring this process, all minds were restored to calm.

Rodney had rushed after Rasmus when he bolted from the state-room, picked up his abandoned coat, and stood looking down after him, as he recklessly plunged into smoke and flame. Of a slender figure, brought up apart from the athletic sports which develop assurance and hardness of muscle, possessing rather moral than physical courage, Rodney held in the greatest admiration, bravery, daring, muscularity. When Rasmus agilely balanced himself above the scene of disaster, and dropped himself into the smoke and flame, with all the readiness with which he would have taken a header into a summer stream, he became a demi-god to Rodney. When Rasmus came up from the arena of his achievements, his face blackened, his curls singed, his shirt-sleeves burnt off, and his hands scorched, he looked to Rodney a hero, and however Rodney an hour before might have been disposed to regard the proposition to go to New York, on foot, in his company, he was now ready to follow Rasmus to the ends of the earth.

Rasmus, clad in the best clothes of the defunct Andrews, with a clean starched shirt, and a flaming red kerchief at his neck, had looked the substantial yeoman, and had been regarded after his rescue from the tree, as a gentleman of decayed fortunes. Now he was suddenly lifted to the plane of a hero. His shirt was burnt and black; his shoe had broken open from aiding, with a mighty kick, the clearance of a burning barrel; his trousers were soaked with muddy water—but he was surrounded by an admiring crowd. The captain came up, his beard singed, his hands blistered. "I hope you're not hurt, my good fellow—you did us first-rate service."

"O, when anything particular happens, I'm there every time, boss," said Rasmus, always inclined to make the most of his exploits. "My shirt's gone, and my shoes, and that's bad for a man just drowned out by this bloomin' river; but if I hadn't got them things overboard, there wouldn't have been no boat by this time. When I went head-first into that blaze, I says, 'Now, Rasmus, good-bye, do your duty.'" This was a huge exaggeration, but the public were wound up to a state of appreciation, and no one thought of taking a single leaf from the laurel wherewith Rasmus bound his own brows. A dozen ardent admirers of courage dashed in to their rooms, and returned with shoes, shirts, and trousers, beseeching the preserver of the boat to take his choice; three charming ladies came tearing up cambric kerchiefs,

and bringing camphor-ice, and vaseline, to dress his burns; the barber closed the scene by leading Rasmus by the arm to his most sacred shrine, there to bestow on him the cares of the surgeon and the hair-dresser. Rasmus came out from bath and shaving, his hair redolent of rose-water, new-shirted, new-shod, wearing a pair of fine checked trousers, a gorgeous satin tie with golden half-moons on a field of green, joyful in the possession of a pocket-book with ten dollars in it, hastily contributed by his admirers—altogether in such a state of glory, that he would have felt that he conferred favor on a king in calling him cousin. He was quite up to the mark of patronizing the captain, and had come very near patronizing the barber. But this sudden growth of honors had not been, as often happens, a deadly upas to darken the heart of Rasmus. When, desirous of exhibiting his new splendors in the light of the sun and before a crowd of admirers, Rasmus had marched up and down the deck, with all the state-like self-consciousness of a peacock explicating a very fine tail, he heard from the lower deck sounds of woe. He looked down. The portion swept by the fire had been cleaned out and scoured—the lading restored to its place, and a dozen of deck passengers, two poor families, whose carelessness in the midst of their combustibles, had occasioned the slight disaster, had crept back to the space originally occupied by them. But that space was desolated. A few tin and iron utensils, a basket, and a bag or two, drawn and cracked by the fire, only remained to them of their little property. All their belongings had been recklessly kicked overboard by Rasmus and his coadjutors. They were not reviling any one, these poor people; they were glad they were all alive and unburned; but the men stood moodily with hands in their pockets, wondering where withal they should get beds to sleep on, and raiment to wear; the children were terrified, cowering together in a knot, and three women wept aloud unrestrainedly; one old woman plucked frantically at the gray locks which fell from under her cap, she belonging probably to the family of that Bion, of whom Cicero speaks, "a truly foolish king, who tore his hair in grief, as if baldness were likely to lighten his woe." But thus the unlettered have exhibited chagrin in all ages—and doubtless Bion, though a king, knew nothing more of his alphabet than did this woman from the Greenbriar mountains. As the moans and sobs fell on the ears of Rasmus, his heart smote him: he began to wonder if he could not have spared some of the scorching, smoking trash which he had ruthlessly kicked overboard. He had lost many things in this life: the last twenty-four hours had represented his first continuous run of good luck—he knew what it was to lose and lament. He looked down, as he had looked down at the blaze, but now no destructive gleam was in his eye—he hailed, with the stentorian lungs which called the attention of all, not only on the port-bow and fore-castle, but on the boiler-deck, and the shore.

"Halloo there, granny, what's the matter?"

"Wind up," said one of the gloomy men, in a low, but not ugly tone, to the wailing woman. He had that decent reticence that will hide its woes, no matter how deep they gnaw. Rasmus heard it, and felt greater sympathy. One of the children, a lad of twelve, was less discreet; he shrilled, "We've lost all our things—we ain't got no beds, nor no clothes, nor nothin'; that's what the women folks is goin' on about," and he looked as if it took all his incipient valor as "men folks" not to go on also.

"I vow if that ain't a shame!" cried Rasmus, heartily; "lost all your things! And a power of very good things you had, too! Much as a hundred dollars worth! Why, I see beds and overcoats, and blankets and tables, and cheers, when I pitched 'em overboard to save this bloomin' boat! It's all the same to you now as if she'd burnt to the water's edge. Your things is gone. Where are you going?"

"Up to Pittsburg—to the glass-works," said a man.

"And a raft of you there is to go—and wages low, and many mouths to fill, and not a stick of furniture left to put in your houses! I feel for you, I do. Wish

to goodness I hadn't lost my things, and I'd give you the lot of 'em. All your things gone, and you in a strange place, and weather unsettled!"

He had accomplished a double purpose: his sympathy had comforted the mourners, and his high estimate of their lost goods had raised their self-esteem, and he had bawled his condolences until every ear had shared them. Now he addressed his larger audience. "Ladies and gentlemen, I've been and lost all my things to-day—house, boat, furniture, and I know how it goes. You're all high-bugs and high-fliers, and rich as Cresces. Can't you chip in, and give these poor souls a lift? I'll send round the hat, and here's a silver dollar to go in first, and I'd give it if it was the last ever I had. Where's that boy of mine, to carry round the hat? I hope he hasn't gone and got hisself into danger. I'm willin' to be rash, and risk myself, but the boy's made of rayther a fine kind of china, and I have to be careful of him." Having introduced Rodney to favorable public notice by this braggadocio, Rasmus, who had seen him quite clearly all the time, fixed his eye on him, and held out his own cap and a silver dollar. Rod appeared between two pretty ladies, who were bestowing on him the surplus admiration which overflowed from the share of Rasmus.

"O, you're all right, brother," said Rasmus cordially. "I'm glad you've looked out for yourself, and minded what I've told you, always to keep brain end up. A boy that's going to college can't be too particular, and there's your uncle to be considered of."

Having made clear Rod's status, Rasmus sent him round on his quest, and himself aided charity by sitting on the deck-rail, and roaring encouragement to his protégés. "Don't give way—your dishes are all broke, and your chairs and beds are gone, but the ladies and gentlemen will give you money to put 'em all back. Somebody on the boat as knows all about Pittsburg, will take you to the cheap place to buy, and you'll get the worth of your money, and they'll feel that what they give has gone to the right place. Chirk up, little gal; I see several little ladies round here of your size, and they'll be sure to give you a petticoat or a gown out of their things. Don't you shiver so, granny. I know a kind lady here will find a shawl to give you. Keep your heart up over the baby, woman; ain't there ladies here as will soon step down to you with clothes to cover him? O, you'll have it made up, never fear."

Thus Rasmus, and he proved a true prophet, for thirty dollars were given to each of the mothers to replace her lost goods. The old granny got a good shawl, and a procession repaired to the lower deck at intervals all the evening, bearing the gifts.

By this time Rodney had no more idea of questioning that Rasmus was to convoy him to New York, and even see him through college, than he had of quarrelling with the law of gravitation. That pathetic story of the little lost boy had clothed Rasmus with the romance that clung about the knights of old, Sir Galahad, and Sir Launcelot, and the others, who sought the Holy Grail; while his boasted deeds by flood and fire, invested him with the dash and powers of the Cid, Hercules, Samson, Antaeus, Greatheart, Jack the Giant-Killer, and all the other heroes of the boy's very promiscuous reading. Instead of longer questioning what manner of company he was, Rod was contented to go to supper with him, enjoying a good place at the table, and very minute attention from the waiters. After tea the steamer resumed its way up-stream, the band came out and played its best, then some one sat down at the piano, and a dance was arranged, and Rodney and Rasmus saw with equal amazement the curious bowings, salutations, and other manoeuvres of the "Lancers." Rasmus confided to Rodney that "he'd eat his head if that wasn't the very queerest going on ever he heard tell of, or set eye upon." At the forward end of the saloon, a party of men sat round a table playing cards, with accompaniment of several bottles of wine. As Rasmus and Rodney passed them on their way to bed, they were invited to stop.

"Take a hand," said one, "and the boy shall cut the cards for luck. A young lad like that always helps a game."

Rasmus contemplated Rodney thoughtfully

for a minute. 'No, thank'ee, pardners,' he said, finally. 'I'm partic'lar in raisin' boys, and I don't 'low him nothin' of the kind.'

'That's holdin' a pretty tight rein,' said one of the men.

'Yes, pardner, it is,' admitted Rasmus, seating himself on the edge of the table, 'but you see if he don't begin he can't go on. I s'pose he might begin with the cards and the bottles, too, and come to no bad luck all his life. He might, but I ain't nowise sure—and I am sure of his luck if he lets 'em both alone. He might try 'em both, and not hurt himself. I don't say not, but he might, you know, stumble over just such a bottle into a gutter, and he might handle the cards till he got drove to try a razor 'cross his pretty little neck. I put it to you, he might; mightn't he? Men do go that way, don't they, brothers all? And began by being very pretty boys, too, didn't they? I've seen it, and you've seen it, now haven't you?' He reached out his arm and pulled Rodney closer, eyed him with an investigating air, summed him up. 'So young and pretty and innocent as he is, to-day—his mammy needn't be ashamed to own him if she was a queen, or an angel with wings,—and yet, he might, you know, trip over a bottle, and get all this nice, yellow hair drenched in the slime of the gutter' (Rasmus tossed absently with his big hand the floating yellow hair of Rodney), 'or he might, you know, be so drove desperate over them cards as to draw a knife right along his pretty little throat,' (he drew his finger swiftly under Rodney's chin, and the boy, with a shiver he never forgot, felt as if the cold steel of a razor was cutting into his flesh). Rasmus led his charge off to the state-room, and there continued his explanation. 'I made up my mind if ever I found my little chap, I wouldn't let him take to none of them doings, and I shan't let you. I've seen a plenty of fellows come to grief along of 'em, but I never see no one hurt by lettin' of 'em alone.'

Rodney was too sleepy to reply; he tumbled into the lower berth, and heard, as in a dream, the voice of Rasmus coming from the upper berth, in an effort to speak low, that made his words sound like the rumbling of distant thunder, 'Pardner, let's be mighty close-mouthed about ourselves; talking too lively don't do no manner of good, it often lets a fellow down.'

(To be continued.)

Nevers for Boys.

Never make fun of old age; no matter how decrepit or unfortunate or evil it may be, God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head.

Never use intoxicating liquors as a beverage. You might never become a drunkard, but beer, wine and whiskey will do you no good and may wreck your life. Better be on the safe side. Make your influence count for sobriety.

Never make sport of one of those miserable creatures, a drunken man or woman. They are wrecks, but God alone knows the stress of the storms which drove them upon the breakers. Weep rather than laugh.

Never tell or listen to the telling of filthy stories. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign manual of a true gentleman. You cannot handle filth without becoming fouled.

Never cheat nor be unfair in your play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere at any age. Your play should strengthen not weaken your character.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what anybody calls you. You cannot throw mud and keep your own hands clean.

Never be cruel. You have no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness the mark of a gentleman.

Never lie. Even white lies leave black spots on the character. What is your opinion of a liar? Do you wish other people to have a like opinion of yourself?

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

Never hesitate to say no when asked to do a wrong thing. It will often require courage, the best kind of courage, moral courage; but say no so distinctly that no one can possibly understand you to mean yes.

Never quarrel. When your tongue gets unruly, lock it in, if need be bite it. Never suffer it to advertise your bad temper.

Never make comrades of boys who are con-

tinually doing and saying evil things. A boy as well as a man is known by the company he keeps.

Never be unkind to your mother and father. When they are dead and you have children of your own, you will discover that even though you did your best, you were able to make only a part payment of the debt you owed them. The balance you must pay over to your own children.

Never treat other boys' sisters better than you do your own.

Never fancy you know more when fifteen years old than your father and mother have learned in all the years of their lives. Wisdom is not given to babes.

Never lay aside your manners when you take off your fine clothes.

Never be rudely boisterous at home or elsewhere. Never forget that God made you to be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpful being. Be one.—Independent.

Love One Another.

(Marianne Farningham, in the 'Christian World'.)

One new commandment

Christ gave us for keeping:

That it is broken

Is reason for weeping:

If it were kept

All the world would be singing,

For Love is an angel

True happiness bringing.

'Love one another.'

A precept all golden!

But these times are modern

And that word is olden;

And business and pleasure

So zealous are proving

That only a few

Can find leisure for loving.

'Buy in the cheapest mart,

Sell in the dearest.'

'Each for himself alone.

Self is the nearest.'

'Life is a battle

Aye won by the strongest'—

These, says the world,

Are the things that live longest!

Nay! but the heart of man

Cares for his brother!

More than we think

Do we love one another.

Self is a tyrant

We sometimes cast down

And conquer, rejoicing

Another to crown.

Teach us, O Christ,

To be constant and loving;

Likeness to Thee

Through our faithfulness proving.

So to our life

Shall new rapture be given,

And love make the earth

The beginning of heaven.

A Good Word.

Harry went into the Greek room a few minutes before the hour for recitation. The professor sat at his desk looking over the copy of the college journal for the current month, and looked up to give his pupil a characteristic smile of welcome.

'I have just been reading the report of the "meet,"' said he. 'Very well written up indeed! I believe that is your department, my boy.'

'Yes, sir,' answered Harry, blushing a little at the implied compliment. It was really no light thing to have one's work praised by Professor Stuart.

'And I am glad to be assured that it was a clean, manly contest, with victories fairly won.'

'It certainly was, sir,' said Harry, adding, with a look of slight surprise, 'I don't remember, though, having put that into my report.'

'Pie on so poor a memory! See it there in black and white.'

Harry's eyes followed the professor's finger.

'The greatest enthusiasm prevailed.'

'But I don't see—'

'One of my best scholars,' interrupted the professor, with mock severity, 'and you do not see how it is all covered by one word! What, pray, does "enthusiasm" mean?'

'"Enthusiasm?" Why, fervor, devotion—'

'No, no! Never mind the English synonyms. Go back to the Greek, my boy—back to the Greek! You must first dig up a word in order to be able to construct it, as the scientists do with their fossil birds and fishes. Not that this particular word is a fossil, however—far from it! It is one of the liveliest words in all the dictionary!'

'"En," in, and "theos," God,' replied Harry, promptly.

'Right, boy! Then there can be no such thing as enthusiasm without the divine element—"God in" it—and it follows as the day the sun, that one can never be enthusiastic over anything low or mean or base. There is plenty of excitement in the world that is not enthusiasm. A crowd may be excited to the point of frenzy over a prize fight, but it is never enthusiastic at such an exhibition. So, when I read your article here, I was sure that, if you had used your words sharply, there was nothing to be ashamed of in your athletics—no "slugging" or cheating or trickery, but all clean and above board.'

'I see, sir,' cried Harry. 'It is plain enough now, though I am afraid I did not fully comprehend just what I was writing at the time.'

'You felt the meaning of "word," Harry, even though you had not analyzed it. It is a good word. I trust you may have many more opportunities to use it in your play as well as your work.'

'Why, boy, without enthusiasm the world would stagnate and revert to savagery. It is the divine force—"God in" the soul—which has impelled in all the great movements in history. It has made reformers and martyrs, kept the Christian faith alive in persecutions, and inspired courage for all the holy wars waged since the world began.'

'Guard your enthusiasms! They are the birthright of youth. Woe to him who sells them for the pottage of expediency! The desolation of an uninhabited island is society compared with the loneliness of a soul which has lost the power to feel fervently and aspire divinely.'

The bell was on the stroke, and the professor, looking from under his shaggy eyebrows, caught the answering fire of the boy's kindling eyes.—'Young People's Weekly.'

Be Firm.

Some years ago a very young man, just entering upon life, attended a reception. This reception was given by a young married lady to introduce her step-daughter into society. A large bowl of punch was ready to be served and the hostess invited her young guest to have some. He declined, saying, 'Madam, I don't drink.' Then the lady said, 'If you don't drink this punch you're no friend of mine.' The brave young man replied, 'Then I am not your friend,' and immediately left the house.

This decision was the turning point in his life. He lived to be useful and respected in the church, filling an important office faithfully. He was successful and influential in business and was trusted by his associates. His influence was always for good.

The wealth of the lady's family led them into gaiety and dissipation, and among her sons and daughters there were deaths in the prime of life, insanity and divorce, all the result of intemperance. How different might have been the result if that woman had used her influence for good instead of for evil.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

What Can a Boy Do?

Oh, think, what can a boy do?

What use am I at all?

A noisy boy from morn till night!

Yet even I can help the right,
And make some other pathway bright,
Although I'm only small.

Oh, think, what can a boy do?

Well, now, I'll try to tell—

If but a humble task be mine,
In household labor to combine,
The boots and shoes to black and shine,
I'll clean them, oh, so well!

Oh, think, what can a boy do?

Now don't despise a boy,

He'll clean the knives and windows too,
Your errands he will run for you,
With willing feet and spirit true,
He's mother's pride and joy!

Oh, think, what can a boy do?

Here in the temperance band,
To help the free to fight the foe,
To lay the cruel tyrant low,
And Freedom's banner far to show,
A soldier he can stand!

Oh, think, what can a boy do?

When tempted, even I,

By Heaven's help, can still refuse
The drops of fire and woe to use,
And sparkling water I can choose,
With purpose brave and high.

Oh, think, what can a boy do?

Life's battle he can win;

For Jesus, once a boy below,
Will help us one and all we know,
The powers of wrong to overthrow,
And conquer self and sin.

M. S. H.

A Family Letter.

Two-thirds of a century ago a young man and woman set up housekeeping in the town of Portsmouth, Ohio. Ten children were born to them. All but one lived to grow up, and most of them married.

Ten years ago the descendants of the original pair held a reunion and perfected the plan of a 'family letter.' The letter starts, let us say, with a descendant who still lives in Portsmouth. He writes the news of his own household and whatever else he thinks may interest the family at large, and sends it to the relative living in the town nearest him. She reads it, puts in a letter of her own, and sends along the two.

Thus the package goes, continually growing, to Boston, New York, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and a score of other places—so many that it takes two months to complete the circuit. Then the man who wrote the first letter withdraws it, puts in a new one, and starts the envelope off again.

By this means all the members of a large and widely separated family are enabled to keep in touch with each other, as members of a family should, and it costs nothing but a little time and a few postage stamps.—*Youth's Companion.*

Chang: a Hero.

(Nellie N. Russell, in the 'Christian Endeavor World'.)

Eight years ago a young farmer with a bright, attractive face, wandered into the chapel at Shun-i-hsien, a city twenty-five miles north-east of Peking. From an old neighbor he had heard of the Jesus doctrine; many times he had thought to go in, but allowed other things to come in and take his extra time. That morning, while waiting for a fellow villager to finish his business, he decided to go over and see what the chapel was like, and hear the teacher who understood and could explain this new religion. As he listened, he became convinced it was the truth, even as his old neighbor had said. He lived in a village five miles from the city, but every market-day after that saw him at the chapel; and, as months went by, he came to feel that he must come out openly and acknowledge his belief in the lightly esteem-

ed Jesus religion. He had gradually told his wife of his purpose; and, as they were much attached to each other, she said, 'I shall go with you, for I also believe'; and together they entered the church, and took upon themselves the solemn vows to be faithful.

Mrs. Chang's father lived but a few miles away; and, when he heard of their leaving the faith of their fathers, he became furious, and immediately went to see them. When he found the report true, he berated his son-in-law in the strongest and worst language he could command. Then, turning to his daughter, he said, 'Daughter, here and now make your choice; leave that man and his religion and come home with me, or you and yours forever after be an outcast to your father's house.' At first they urged and entreated the old father to listen to them; but, finding he would not, with tears running down her cheeks, Mrs. Chang knelt to her father and said: 'Great and honored father, it is more important that I be a member of my heavenly Father's family than of yours. I, with my husband, believe He is the one true God, and we must worship Him. If I must make a choice between you and the man you selected as my husband, then I must stay with the father of my child.'

In great rage the old man said: 'So be it; in times of joy we will not send you an invitation, and in times of sorrow you will not be informed; you are no longer of our name and family, and from this day I know not you and yours.'

Hard it was thus early for them to take up the cross, but strength was given.

That next winter Dr. Ament formed a Christian Endeavor Society, and among the first members was Mr. Chang. He had learned to read as a boy, and so helped his old neighbor to prepare when it came his turn to lead; he never missed a service, and always had something to say. His wife could not go very often, as another little girl had come into their home, and it was hard to get away. She was bright and attractive, and theirs was a happy family. Her husband taught her to read a little and to sing a few songs. The one she liked best was 'Jesus loves me.'

That year, 1899, the little church had a special blessing, a preparation for the terrible trial that nearly wiped out that church and society. Foremost in all the meetings was Mr. Chang.

The last of April and the first part of May, 1900, the writer was then holding a class for women. Fourteen women members of the church, and most of them members of the Christian Endeavor Society, brought their food, and lived in rooms in the rear of the chapel, so that they could give all their time to study and learning more about Jesus. Day by day rumors came about the 'coming uprising against the Christians'; yet with brave hearts these dear women kept to their books and to prayer.

The last Sunday before they were to go home there was a full attendance of the church members; it was the last Sunday when they all met together on this earth. Mr. Chang led the Christian Endeavor meeting; he had come early that day with his wife and two little girls, and before the service, in talking of the rumors and conditions, he said, 'Last night I overheard some men in the dark talking about the plan of the Boxers to kill all, not leaving a single Christian in the region.' 'Our only hope is in God,' was his reply to words intended to comfort and encourage.

At the service, attended by about forty, he talked calmly and most earnestly of the coming trial, and took as his message, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.' Some of the people were very fearful and anxious, but he calmed and comforted them by his words of faith in the Father's care to the end.

How they prayed for strength, to be ready if need be, to die for their Master! No one in the room could know how near was that trial, that in less than six weeks to all but eleven of that band of sixty-seven church-members would have been given the martyr's crown, their homes and chapel would be in ruins, and the eleven left in hiding. Day by day the next month the enemies were more and more open and pronounced.

The end for Mr. Chang's family came in June. He was returning home from a visit to another church-member in a near village when

in a quiet place in the road, his last words a prayer, his spirit went home. Word was at once taken to the young wife, and, taking her little ones in her arms, she wept bitterly. Not a neighbor dared to go near her, and a little later came her father. He said: 'The Boxers will get you; you cannot escape; I cannot and will not protect you; I will buy you some poison, and you and the children take it and die together.'

Then he hired a wicked man to take them to the river-bank not far from their village. He forced the woman to swallow the poison, and held her down in the water. When the children saw their mother, they screamed, and the oldest girl, eight years old, took her little three-year-old sister in her arms, and ran down along the bank. The man chased after; but their dog, which had followed after, sprang upon him, and bit him so badly he died some ten days later.

The children hid all night alone in a hole in the bank; and, when morning came, hungry and weary, they made their way back to their village. All day long in the hot sun they walked the street, and only at night did some distant relatives get permission from the Boxers to care for them. Later on they were brought to the American Board Mission in Peking, where they are now, two dear little sweet-faced girls.

'The noble army of martyrs praise Thee,'
'And these from the land of Sium.'
Peking, China.

Mayenne's Melon.

In the year 1589 Madame Simon, a poor widow with a little son, was living in the village of Trouville, near Dieppe. Her whole wealth consisted of a little cabin and a garden round about it. Her neighbors had broad meadows and great fields of grain; they often made fun of her and her garden produce. This latter consisted chiefly of melons, melons large and fragrant, indeed, but whose scanty sale could not bring the widow much money; and that season her neighbors boasted to her more proudly than ever; the Duc de Mayenne's large army occupied the castle and citadel of Arques, very near the village, and provisions were in great demand.

France was divided at that time into two camps; the League, led by the Duc de Mayenne, and the party, headed by Henry of Navarre, soon to become Henry IV.

Mayenne had left Paris to check if possible the victorious march of Henry, who held all Normandy. A meeting between the two armies must come soon. However, this troubled Mayenne very little; he knew his numbers were greatly superior to Navarre's; and, gourmand that he was, he took good cheer at his leisure behind the strong walls of Arques.

As he made himself comfortable there, the fame of Dame Simon's melons came to his ears; and one day a servant was sent out to order the widow to send the finest melon in her garden for M. le Duc's breakfast the next morning.

Accordingly, little Simon picked out that morning a magnificent, sweet-smelling melon, put it carefully in a basket, and started to walk to the castle.

He had walked some distance when, at the edge of the wood, he met three merry fellows, shabbily dressed, but wearing long swords that struck against their legs.

'Halt!' they called out. The boy stopped. 'Well, my young man, where are you going?' demanded one of them.

Simon answered that he was carrying a melon to M. de Mayenne.

'Here's a windfall!' said the man. 'The melon looks delicious; it will do me just as much good as it will M. le Duc. Besides, it will be so much taken from the enemy.' The three men were soldiers of King Henry, who had suddenly pitched his camp near the castle in the hope of taking Mayenne by surprise.

Navarre's men had had poor living for many a day; they were determined to carry off the melon, in spite of Simon's entreaties. The child begged them not to take away the melon; M. de Mayenne was sure to give him a great silver piece for it.

'So much the worse for you,' said the soldier. 'All's fair in war; my enemy's goods belong to me—when I can get hold of them!'

He was just going to snatch the basket from the child's hands when a third person strode through the crackling underbrush. The new-

some wore a shabby doublet over his coat of mail; a little scarlet mantle hung from his shoulder; a grey hat with a white plume in it covered his head.

'Hello, you rascally thieves!' he called out in broad Gascon accent. 'Let the boy alone, I say!'

The frightened soldiers dare not move; they recognized their master. The king was going round about the camp, thinking how Navarre and 10,000 men might contrive to beat Mayenne with 25,000.

Suddenly an idea came into the leader's mind; he knew Mayenne's weakness for good eating. 'My friends,' he said to the soldiers, 'this fruit is very tempting, but we must leave it for M. le Duc; you and I are far too poor to pay his prices! All the same, he shall pay dear for his melon. You will go back to camp at once,' and the men saluted and withdrew, thankful to escape so easily.

The widow's boy began to thank the king for his kindness, but Henry interrupted him. 'My little friend, I want to make a bargain with you. If you will get to Arques an hour behind time, you shall be my head gardener when I have taken Paris!' And Simon promised to do the king's bidding.

The table was laid in the great dining-hall of the castle. Mayenne was at breakfast; but dainty and well served as the meal was, evidently it did not please him.

'Why doesn't that melon come?' asked M. le Duc again and again. Twenty times did he send to the kitchen to ask if the order had been given to Dame Simon. His impatience increased; the lackeys trembled; they feared their master's fits of anger; and it was a great relief to everybody when it was announced that the little Simon stood outside the castle gate.

M. le Duc ordered the servants to bring Simon into the dining room at once; he took the melon out of the basket himself, smelt it, then smiled; the odor pleased him. Then he cut into it, tasted it; joy spread over his great face.

'Bravo!' he said. 'This melon is perfection! I have never eaten such a fine one.'

An officer hurried into the hall. 'M. le Duc,' he said, 'a strong detachment of the enemy's cavalry is advancing towards the castle.'

'Bah!' answered Mayenne. 'Wait till they come nearer. This melon is delicious.'

He took another piece. A second officer hurried in. 'M. le Duc,' he cried, 'the enemy have surrounded the castle. The troops wait your order to advance.'

'In a minute, in a minute. Let me finish this melon.' But the cavalry advanced to the attack without Mayenne's order, to be routed by the horsemen of Navarre.

A third officer entered the dining hall, besought Mayenne to put himself at the head of his troops.

'Yes, yes,' he replied, 'I'm coming now! There are only four slices left.'

The combat continued at the foot of the castle hill; the infantry were fighting hand to hand. Suddenly the army of Mayenne turned and sought safety in flight. Navarre's troops broke down the gate of the castle; Mayenne had dillyed too long over his melon! He had lost the day, and only escaped falling into the victor's hands by hurrying through an underground passage, leading into the open country.

Navarre entered the dining hall; there was no one there but little Simon, waiting for his money; the melon was still unpaid for. Henry looked at the table, saw that the platter held only melon-rinds.

'See, gentlemen,' he laughed, turning to his officers, 'M. le Duc has not had the manners to leave us one single slice of that fine melon.'

'Sire,' put in little Simon, 'I will give you just as good a one to-morrow, if you wish it. But, if you please, not at the same price! I have not seen even the color of M. le Mayenne's money.'

'That is all right, my little friend,' returned the king. 'I will pay your mother for the melon. But as for dainty living, gentlemen, we will wait for that till Paris is our own!'

A later day saw Henry IV. crowned King of France. Little Simon was remembered then; he had a position in the king's gardens, where he raised melons like his mother's at Trouville, and that particular kind was known in the Paris markets as 'Mayenne's Melon.'—*'Presbyterian Banner.'*

Family Circle.

Katrina Petroski.

(Margaret Young, in the 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

'Good-bye, Sergius. Oh, how I hate thee to go,' said the pretty, dark-eyed Russian girl as she clung tightly, her eyes dewy with tears, to her stalwart lover.

'But, dear one, we have talked it all over and settled that I ought to go. So be a good brave girl. The time will soon pass and I shall be back with you and the old aunt, bearing good news, too, I hope.'

Katrina sighed but speedily recovered herself and tossing the black ringlets from her brow she smiled up in her lover's face and then pushed him from her with, 'God bless thee, Sergius, and send thee safe home to us. I will watch hourly for thy return.'

In a few minutes Sergius Natriska had reached the brow of the hill, when turning round he doffed his cap to his beloved and disappeared from her longing gaze. Katrina re-entered the hut and went to the bedside of her old Aunt Anna who, although paralyzed in her lower limbs and therefore bedridden, was still able to take a wide and loving interest in her darling's troubles.

'My Katrina,' she said, 'thou must not fret, Sergius will return with good news to thee in a few days; doubt it not, and then we shall soon have the wedding, for if he gets this post he will be earning very much more money.'

'I know,' answered Katrina, 'that it is right he should go, but my heart is full of misgivings. I feel as if something unforeseen was hanging over us and I can't understand what it can be, but now we will have our supper, aunt, and get to bed soon and to-morrow I will go and see Thyrza's baby and bring it here, perhaps for a few hours, if it is good; she always amuses you, you know.'

Their modest meal was soon eaten and the little home tidied for the night. Katrina made her old aunt comfortable for sleep and then knelt in prayer, her whole heart going out in supplication for help and protection for her lover as well as her old aunt, and lastly for herself.

Then calmed and soothed she lay herself down on her rough pallet of straw, after carefully securing all the doors and windows. She then threw more logs into the stove, for it was bitterly, bitterly cold, while the wind, howling through the cracks in the little hut, was indeed 'a nipping and an eager air.'

Although Katrina was young and healthy her daily work had fatigued her young limbs, so she was soon dreaming peacefully of Sergius, and the little home they were so soon to share.

'Hark! what is that? Who is there?'

A sharp and sudden knock on the hut door roused Katrina, who quickly sat up in bed. A tremulous voice answered: 'It is only Thyrza, Katrina, baby is sick, so I want you to come over and see her.'

The speaker was Sergius' sister, a young woman with her little one, who Katrina in her intervals of rest delighted to fondle. The young mother, being frail and inexperienced, depended much on Katrina for advice and help. Their little homes were situated close to each other, both perilously near to the dense and awful forest, from whose unknown and almost impenetrable depths the travellers who were venturesome enough to attempt its exploration had never issued forth scathless. Sergius rented both little dwellings from his employer, one for the use of his aunt and Katrina, the other for Thyrza and her baby. But the girls had both come from a busy and populous town, therefore the dismal surroundings of this bleak and dreary spot, so exposed to danger by wolves or marauders, well might cause the hearts of the women to quail.

Katrina sprang from her bed and hastily drew her friend inside.

'Thyrza,' she said, 'thou shouldst not have left the child, but I will come. Aunt is sound asleep and will not miss me.'

While rapidly throwing on her clothing, she now and again snatched up several logs of wood which were lying around, piling them up in a large heap near the stove.

'Why art thou doing that, Katrina?' questioned Thyrza.

'I know not,' answered Katrina, 'but some-

thing seems to keep saying: 'Do it.' In a few minutes the girls ran across the deep snow towards the hut from whence issued sounds of an infant's wailing, interrupted by a harsh, croaking cough, which struck terror to the heart of the little mother. Hastily pushing the door open, Katrina was about to enter when a loud cry of pain from her companion caused her to look round in dismay. Thyrza lay prone on the ground, moaning in agony. Her foot had caught in a rough gap and in wrenching it loose she had severely twisted her ankle.

'Oh, Thyrza, but this is unlucky,' exclaimed Katrina, 'what is to be done?'

Being, however, a girl of resource she promptly realized that she had to act and at once. She took her in, then quickly and deftly poured cold water on the injured foot and then, exerting all her strength, succeeded in lifting the half fainting girl on to her little white bed, where lay the moaning babe. After finding some soft bandages and a cool drink for Thyrza, Katrina determined to carry the sick child to her own home, as she knew she would find no remedies of any kind in the wretched little house where poor Thyrza lived with her infant.

Kindly she kissed her good-bye with loving words of cheer and hope. 'I will be here early in the morning, dear, with thy baby; try to sleep and forget thy pain.'

Wrapping up the child warmly and securely Katrina stepped hurriedly away, making the door safe and sure ere she left. Softly she paced with her wailing burden over the white waste of snow, her ears preternaturally sharpened as she sped along, though nothing broke the stillness but the crackling of the forest trees under the heavy weight of snow. Soon she reached the lowly little door to hear a doleful voice calling, 'Katrina, Katrina, why dost thou not answer?'

She rushed to old Anna's bedside to find her anxiously tossing her head from side to side in surprise and terror. 'I am here, aunt. Thyrza came for me. The baby is sick. I have brought it here and will lay it down by thy side while I find some cough medicine and something to rub on its little chest to ease the breathing.'

The gentle old woman, her fears allayed, opened her arms to enclose the poor infant, while Katrina busied herself for its relief. The medicine found and administered, Katrina took it again and seated herself by the glowing stove to chafe its little limbs and warm her almost numbed hands.

'What was that?' The words came from the almost paralyzed lips of Aunt Anna.

Katrina listened breathlessly. Again the dread, weird cry, nearer and nearer. The cry of wolves! Closer and closer it came! Katrina looked up in horror. She had left the door ajar, and now the entrance was filled by yelping, gaunt and famished monsters! Two huge brutes, red-eyed with lolling tongues, stood menacingly at the door. In that moment Katrina knew she was confronted with death—death in an awful form, for herself and dear ones. Another moment and she had flung the babe down upon a heap of rubbish on the floor and stood over it, guarding it with her body, the poor child's cries, mingling with the shrieks of terror and shouts for 'Help, help' from poor old Anna. Katrina's assailants had leaped on her with horrid yelps and were tearing at her with dreadful teeth. But the heroic girl had snatched a log from the pile by the stove and summoning all her strength had dealt a terrific blow on the head of the largest wolf who, blinded and bleeding, stumbled and faltered, though only for an instant. In another moment she had dragged from the glowing fire a burning log and launched it also full at her enemy. Thus the brave young girl fought on, her face horribly gashed by a blow from the fearful paw of the brute, her clothes torn off in shreds, her hands bleeding, scorched and lacerated. But still with a strength almost superhuman she hurled the burning logs at the hungry, snarling brutes. At last, her strength fast failing, the fearful gash in her face causing her agony, while the blood was blinding her eyes, old Anna's voice almost recalled her courage for yet another effort for life.

'The barrel, the barrel, Katrina! the meat!'

Katrina gave one cry to heaven for aid, fainting but desperate, she dashed the iron poker across the heads of the infuriated

brutes, dragged herself to the corner of the little room and with the one unharmed hand she tore off the lid of the barrel. Heaven be praised! The smell of the meat reached the nostrils of the famished wolves, and for a moment they paused in their attack. That moment was life, for Katrina flung wide the joints and pieces over the heads of the snarling wolves, who soon devoured it, fighting and tearing it in morsels. Then with one last effort Katrina, standing on a chair, bleeding and nearly fainting, she managed to hurl over their shaggy heads several last lumps of meat outside the door.

Thank heaven they see it and are going. Barking, howling, snarling they rushed after the toothsome prey and out of the hut. With breath fast failing, blood flowing from the lacerated cheek, heart nigh stopping, Katrina staggered to the door and dragged everything available to bar it; then sank to the ground, murmuring, 'Sergius, good-bye. Thyra, thy baby is safe,' and then—oblivion.

Nearly frantic with anguish and terror poor old Anna had no resource but to try by reiterated shrieks to bring help, hoping to attract notice from any chance passer-by, and her prayers are heard and help is near. Morning breaks and poor, mangled Katrina, slowly recovers consciousness. The infant, eased by Katrina's gentle ministrations, had fallen into a sound sleep.

'Oh, thank God!' cried out poor old Anna, 'thou art still alive, my poor darling. Art thou much hurt? Canst thou move? Oh, to be so helpless. But I hear footsteps on the snow. Help, help,' she cried, 'we have been attacked by wolves.' Seizing the stout stick with which she used to knock when needing help, and striking loudly on the window pane near her bed, some heavy footsteps approached the door and two peasants forced an entrance with many ejaculations of horrified surprise as they perceived the signs of a struggle.

A sad sight greeted them. Poor brave Katrina was lying on the floor with a frightful gash from brow to chin, hands badly bitten, her whole body showing marks of the awful fight for life she had passed through.

Soon she was lifted by strong yet gentle arms and placed on her little bed, one of the men volunteering to go at once for the doctor, while the other, under old Anna's directions, bound up the poor bleeding cheek and dressed the lacerated hands, finding a refreshing drink for the suffering girl. On the doctor's arrival Katrina's wounds were soon dressed and now all danger passed she lay smiling and happy.

A neighbor had brought the good news that Sergius had got the post and was on his way home. Thyra's swollen ankle received due attention, for several kind neighbors offered aid where it was so sorely needed and the precious babe was the subject of much kindly care.

In a few days Katrina was able to sit up, but only the eye of love could have recognized in the haggard, pallid, bandaged face the brilliant, sunny, bright-eyed Katrina—Sergius' love. But he had heard all the story of the brave girl's heroism and with renewed love shining in his eyes said: 'Thank God, thou art spared to me!'

In a few months there was a gay and lively scene in the little village. Sergius led his bride home to love and happiness. The young girl's noble heroism was for many years the topic of conversation, not only in the village, but reaching even to the large towns and cities. Ere long Sergius was offered a position on the estate of a rich noble, and Katrina, his beloved wife, became the valued help of his lady and her daughter, who were never tired of hearing how their dear Katrina had saved her aunt and the poor infant from the jaws of the ferocious wolves.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Jan. it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Christmas Stocking.

By Elizabeth Wetherell, (author of 'The Wide, Wide World'.)

(Continued)

'He just slumbered away a few hours, and died so, as quietly as he had slept. His little pale meek face looked as if, as he said, he was glad to go.'

'Nothing but a degree of force that no one would use could have moved Long Ears from the body of his master, till it was laid in the grave. Then, with some difficulty, Mrs. Meadow gained possession of him and brought him home.'

THE STORY OF THE FARTHING.

'Now, farthing,' said Carl, 'it is your turn. So make haste.'

'Turn me over then,' said the farthing, 'for I can't talk with my back to people.'

So Carl turned him over, and there he lay and stared at the ceiling.

'The first thing I remember,' began the

I'm afraid my boots won't be worth much. However, Nanny, my dear, you may take him the money for 'em, since they're here.'

'Shall I fetch you a light, grandpa,' said the child. 'It's too dark to see.'

'No, no—not a bit of it—I know how half-a-sovereign feels, well enough. He shall have a gold piece—for the first time in his life, I'll warrant.'

'And opening the most precious end of his purse, the old gentleman's unerring thumb and finger drew forth me, and laid me in the little girl's open palm. The soft little hand closed upon me, and down she ran to the lower entry.

'There,' she said, 'here it is. Grandpa says he guessed that's the first gold piece you ever had. Have you got a great many little brothers and sisters?'

'This ain't gold,' said the boy, too busy examining me to heed to her last question. He's made a mistake, this is only a farthing.'

'Oh, well, I'll take it back to him then,' said the little messenger. 'I s'pose he couldn't see in the dark.' And away she ran.



farthing slowly, 'was being put by an old gentleman into a leather purse. I was very bright, for I had just come from the Mint. The leather purse in which I lay had an end for gold and silver and another for copper. With my usual love of bright company, when the old gentleman slipped me in amongst a number of dingy pennies I slipped out again and ran in among the gold.'

'The old gentleman walked leisurely home, and when he rang his own door bell it was already quite dark. A dear little girl opened the door, dressed in a white frock and black apron.'

'Oh, grandpa,' she said, 'I'm so glad you've come, because there's a little boy been waiting here ever so long for ten shillings.'

'Well, my dear,' said the old gentleman, 'ten shillings is worth waiting for.'

'But he's in a great hurry to get home

'The old gentleman by this time was enjoying his slippers and the newspaper, between a blazing fire and two long candles in tall silver candlesticks.'

'Grandpa,' said the child, laying her hand on his knee, 'do you know what you did in the dark? you gave that boy a farthing instead of a gold piece—wasn't it funny?'

'Hey! what?' said the old gentleman, moving his paper far enough to one side to see the little speaker. 'Gave him a farthing instead of a gold piece? nonsense!'

'But you did, grandpa,' urged the child.

'Only look at it, grandpa; see—it's only a farthing.'

'I don't want to look at it,' said he, putting away her hand. 'All stuff, my dear—it was as good a piece of gold as ever came out of the Mint. Don't I know the feel of one? and didn't I take it out of the gold end



before dark, because he says the children have got no bread for supper till he buys it,' said the little girl. 'He brought a pair of boots for you, grandpa. His father's very poor, he says.'

'Is he?' said the old gentleman; 'then

of my purse, where I never put copper? Bad boy, no doubt—you mustn't go back to him. Here, William—'

'But he looked good, grandpa,' said the child, 'and so sorry.'

(To be continued.)

❧ LITTLE FOLKS ❧

'Twister.'

I do not know why he was called Twister, or if it was because he twisted about more than most dogs. In color he was black and white, and had roughish hair. He belonged to Mr. Smith, the builder.

One Saturday, Mr. Smith, with Twister as usual at his heels, went

that Twister had started with him, but could not remember when he had seen him last; however, he was sure he would turn up again, he was far too wise a dog not to know his way home. When bedtime came, however, Twister had not appeared. The house was shut up, and all the family went upstairs.

night guarding his master's property.

You can imagine how Mr. Smith patted and praised poor Twister, and what a good breakfast Mrs. Smith gave him after his weary night, and how the little girls, Kitty and Susan, kissed and fondled him; and I am sure they all respected him, and hoped that they themselves should always be as faithful and sensible as Twister.—W. H. S., in 'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

The Tree Trolls.

(By Izoia Forrester, in 'World,' New York)

'Go away. Don't you dare to tickle me again. Oh, you needn't hide in the bushes there. I can see you.'

Babiola held her breath and hugged Toots close. She was down at the end of the garden where the old stone wall separated it from the apple orchard. The lilac bushes grew tall and straight on the garden side, and on the orchard side was a long, thick row of hazel bushes. Bobolink called at the nut corner, because besides the hazelnuts there was a big chestnut tree and a walnut and three hickory trees, and way down at the end of the orchard grew one lone butternut tree. It was the oldest tree of the lot and the largest. Its limbs were twisted and knotted into big snarls as though it had rheumatism, like Marguerite, the cook. All at once she heard some one scolding.

'You can go right away. I haven't any more left, anyway. The others stole them all away as soon as I fell over. Go way!'

Babiola peeped over the tops of the bushes. It was the old butternut tree. But something dreadful had happened to it. There had been a storm the night before. Not a rain or a snow storm, but the windiest windstorm you ever heard. It banged the window blinds and waltzed in the chimney, and sent the last leaves swirling dizzily through the air. But the worst thing it did was turning the old butternut topsy-turvy. There it lay, sprawled out full length on the ground, with its roots facing Babiola. And they were the



'TWISTER, A FAITHFUL DOG.'

to work in a quarry not far from his home. When he was busy in the quarry, and was just going to do some very hard work, he was afraid that he might injure his watch. He therefore took it out of his pocket and put it on a bit of rock, intending to pick it up again when his day's work was over; but when he started to walk home he forgot all about his watch.

In the evening Mr. Smith's little girls missed Twister. He could not be found anywhere, and never came for his supper. Where could he be? Mr. Smith remembered

Mr. Smith had not thought about his watch till the usual time for winding it up came, and then he was quite puzzled at not finding it in his watch-pocket. But he soon remembered where he had left it, and went to bed, resolving to go to the quarry early the next morning and find his watch. So at five o'clock on Sunday morning he walked to the quarry. He remembered the exact spot and the flat rock where he had left his watch; and there he found, not his watch only, but his faithful dog Twister, who had spent the whole of the

strangest roots. The minute Toots saw them she fainted and looked cross eyed. It was enough to make any one look cross-eyed. There weren't any roots at all, really, not real rooty roots. There were only a great head of wooden limbs that stared at Babiola and scowled at Toots.

'Did you tumble down?' asked Babiola. She knew right away it was the old butternut, and she couldn't help but feel sorry for him.

'No, I didn't. I tumbled up.'

'Didn't the wind do it?'

'Don't you know very well who did it?' asked the tree suspiciously. Aren't you one of them?'

'I'm not one of anything. I'm just my own self,' said Babiola earnestly. She came from behind the hazel bushes, and the tree gave a shake of relief when it saw her.

'You looked just like a troll with only the top of your head showing. There were three around me just a minute ago, and they acted terribly. Tickled me under my roots and pulled my branches, and everything like that. It was the trolls who tumbled me up too. I know it was. They've been trying to do it for years. There goes one now!'

Babiola jumped. So did Toots. But there wasn't anything in sight except a little gray squirrel running along the stone wall.

'It's just a squirrel,' said Babiola. 'They won't hurt you.'

'Yes, they will, too. They're not squirrels. They're trolls. When they come up out of the ground they always slip into a squirrel skin so the earth people won't know them. But they can't fool me. You can tell them by their hands. A squirrel has paws, but a troll has hands, and he can't hide them. Trees never mind squirrels, but they can't bear trolls.'

'What's a troll?' asked Babiola.

'Do you know what a gnome is? And a brownie? And a pixie? And a kobold? And the little brown dwarfs? Well, once a brownie's second cousin married a kobold's aunt, and she was step-mother to a pixie family whose great-grandfather had been a gnome, and their children were trolls. They look like the brown dwarfs, only they had pixie heads and kobold feet, and they're just as

full of mischief and tricks as a butternut is of meat. It's all their fault that we have to stand on our heads all the time. They did it.'

'I didn't know that trees stood on their heads.'

'That's because you're a foolishness. Can't you tell a head when you see one? Don't I look like a head? Did you ever see a head on my feet—I mean my branches? Why, once the tree people used to walk around all right, and they were a splendid people, too. I don't remember, because I grew upside down, but there's an oak somewhere down the road who remembers hearing his father oak tell the acorn babies about it. The only thing about them was that they were proud, and wanted to wear beautiful clothes and have piles of gold and silver, like the ground people. It was the trolls that used to come up out of the ground and tell them about its riches. So the tree people forgot the sunshine and soft rains and blue sky with its stars, and tried to dig in the ground deeper and deeper after the troll treasures.

'How far do you have to dig before you find the trolls?'

'How?—Never you mind,' cautioned the tree. 'Just let the trolls alone, or the first thing you know you'll be standing on your head too. That's what happened to the tree people. One day they found they couldn't get out of the earth holes they had dug, and there they were, standing on their heads with their hands way down in the earth, digging forever deeper, and yet not deep enough. And the trolls would come up and laugh at them and steal their nuts away and strip their pretty leaves off, and leave them bare and shivering when the cold winds blow. And they tie our roots up in knots and tickle us and pinch us. O-o-o-o! Look out when you see a gray squirrel coming.

'I'm not afraid of them,' said Babiola stoutly. 'But I wish I could see you stand up straight. I don't believe a tree could walk.'

'You don't? Well, say, do you see any trolls around?'

Slowly, ever so slowly, the tree began to rise from the ground, but each time it would stumble and fall down, and some of its dry twigs would fall off, until it was hardly

more than a high stump. But all at once it stood erect, with its big root heads smiling down at Babiola.

'I did it. Don't I look handsome, though? Oh, if I could only stay like this, I'd never, never dig in the earth again, not for all the jewels and gold in troll land. I'd love the warm sunlight and the soft, sweet rains, and be a good tree. O-o-o-o! Look at the trolls, look at the trolls, look at the trolls!'

Babiola looked around quickly. Sure enough, right over on the top of the stone wall were five little gray squirrels, all sitting up in a row, eating butternuts. And when they saw Babiola and the tree looking at them they began to dance and point at the tree, and Babiola heard them laughing, the sweetest, shrillest laughter, like the noise when you put a blade of grass between your thumbs and blow on it.

'They're only squirrels,' said Babiola.

'No, they're not. They're trolls,' cried the tree. 'Look at their hands.'

And really and truly they did have funny little hands instead of paws, that they held the nuts in. When Babiola saw the hands she never stopped a minute. Holding Toots close to her she ran for the hazel bushes to hide, and only heard the tree when it fell down. And when Bobolink came along whistling after a while she was still there.

'Are they all gone?' she asked him.

'What?'

'The trolls and the tree.'

'There isn't anything but the old butternut that the wind blew down last night. What's a troll?'

Babiola wouldn't tell him. He was only a boy, anyway, and couldn't understand. So she looked over the top of the stone wall and there wasn't any head to the roots at all, only a gray squirrel sitting up on top, eating a butternut.—

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Correspondence

K., Que.

Dear Editor,—The snow is on the ground now, and in front of our house it is pretty deep. And as soon as I got home to-night, I and Rover went out and had a great time. But once he got my mit and ran off with it, and he would not let me have it. Then he would drop it. When I would go to pick it up he would catch it in his mouth and be off with it again. But at last I got it. And every time he would catch sight of my hands he would try to get my mit again. There are an awful lot of track out in the snow in the front of our house. Then my sister came and called me to take the lantern over to my father, and I went and took it. Then when I came back I got the hand-sleigh and went downhill on it for a while. By that time it was five o'clock, and I went into the house.

FLORENCE LEVERS.

Poona, India.

Dear Editor,—I have the 'Messenger' lent to me now for four months by Miss S. I enjoy reading the correspondence page and Sunday School lesson. I am a Jewess and attend the Victoria High School, where I learn geography, history, grammar, French, geometry,

ask for, if only we will give our lives to Him. How much more He will give us than this imaginary goddess who is respected by so many. How willing we should be to have our hearts cleansed so as to be ready for His coming.

RACHEL A. EZEKIEL (age 14).

F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have only taken the 'Messenger' a short time, and like it very much. I am seven years old. I will be eight on Jan. 22. I go to school every day. I did not miss any days since summer holidays. I am in the second reader. I was head of my class for Christmas. I spent a merry Christmas, and Santa Claus brought my little brothers and sisters and myself some nice things. One of mine was a book named 'Our Loving Saviour.' We had a Christmas tree. We had some old folks in for a Christmas dinner, including my grandma and grandpa. I hope this will be printed soon.

MYRTLE WHITMELL.

P. D., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Northern Messenger,' and enjoy reading the stories and Correspondence page very much. The people here fish and farm in summer, and in winter they lumber. I go to the public school. I am in the fifth grade. My studies are reading, geography, arithmetic, spelling, physio-

I have written to the 'Messenger' three times before, two of my letters were printed, and the third one was crowded out.

CLIFFORD HUGH MURRAY.

Poona, India.

This is my answer to a problem in Bible arithmetic which appeared in the 'Messenger' some months ago.

12 (sons of Jacob) multiplied by seven (no. of times round Jericho on the way the walls fell) equals 84 plus 6 (measures of barley) equals ninety divided by 10 (no. of Haman's sons) equals nine minus 7 (no. of unclean beasts) equals 2 multiplied by 50 (no. of men who went in search of Elijah) divided by 5 minus 30 (Joseph's age) equals 70 divided by 5 (number of stones David had) equals 14 minus 8 (number of miles to Bethany from Jerusalem) equals 6 multiplied by 4 (no. of anchors) equals 24 minus 8 (people in the ark) equals 16.

Ans.—The class contained 16 (sixteen) Scholars. R. A. E.

Proud of His Mother.

The acknowledged leader of ten millions of the population of North America was once a slave boy. He has sat with queens and princes within the last six years. He has written an autobiography. Every hopeful boy in Canada will be the better for reading Booker T. Washington's 'Up from Slavery.'

An excerpt or two may whet the taste for the volume. When the author found himself at school for the first time he found himself confronted with two officials. 'In the first place,' he says, 'I found that all of the other children wore hats or caps on their heads, and I had neither hat nor cap. In fact I do not remember that up to the time of going to school I had ever worn any kind of covering upon my head, nor do I recall that either I or anybody else had even thought anything about the need of covering for my head. But of course when I saw how all the other boys were dressed, I began to feel quite uncomfortable. As usual I put the case before my mother, and she explained to me that she had no money with which to buy a 'store hat,' which was a rather new institution at that time among the members of my race, and was considered quite the thing for young and old to own, but that she would find a way to help me out of the difficulty. She accordingly got two pieces of "home spun" (jeans) and sewed them together, and I was soon the proud possessor of my first cap.

The lesson that my mother taught me in this has always remained with me, and I have tried as best I could to teach it to others. I have always felt proud, whenever I think of the incident, that my mother had strength of character enough not to be led into the temptation of seeming to be that which she was not—of trying to impress my school-mates and others with the fact that she was able to buy a "store hat" when she was not. I have always felt proud that she refused to go into debt for that which she did not have the money to pay for. Since that time I have owned many kinds of caps and hats, but never one of which I have felt so proud as of the cap made of the two pieces of cloth sewed together by my mother. I have noted the fact, but without satisfaction, I need not add, that several of the boys who began their careers with "store hats," and who were my school-mates, and used to join in the sport that was made of me because I had only a "home spun" cap, have ended their careers in the penitentiary, while others are not able now to buy any kind of a hat.

That boy has grown by pluck, and through overcoming difficulties, to be an influential man. His common sense has held him in many dizzy places in life. But a boy who respects his mother, and whose mother despises debt, is bound to get an opening in life. And the boy who acknowledges God and aims to be useful in his day and generation will fill a niche in creation that will elicit honor because honor is due.

Every absentee looked up before the following Sunday. A printed blank showing the names of the absentees, and whether the teachers will personally look them up. In case the teachers cannot look up the absentees, somebody else should be delegated to do it.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Horse.' Lorne Moore (10), B.M., Ont.
3. 'Bunny.' Katie D. (14), S., Ont.
4. 'Wolfe and Montcalm.' Willie Herald (11), C., Ont.

5. 'The Village Church.' Arthur Cady, S., N.B.
6. 'Whippoorwill.' Annie P. Halliday (12), K. Ont.

and many other things. I belong to a family of eight, all of whom I love dearly. I saw the question in the 'Messenger,' 'Which is the longest verse in the Bible?' It is in the book of Esther, Chapter viii., verse 9. If you wish it I would like to become your Indian correspondent.

R. E. (age 14).

Yes, indeed, we like to have correspondents from all over the world, and you can be our correspondent from Poona, India.

A HEATHEN FESTIVAL.

Dear boys and girls in Canada,—I am writing a description for you of a heathen festival which took place in Poona on the 20th of October, and which lasted for five days. The Hindus believe that the goddess Luximi comes to visit them, and for her visit they have to clean and illuminate their dwellings. The goddess, if pleased, blesses the household, and the blessing lasts throughout the coming year. If the goddess is displeased she curses the household, and if anything goes wrong the Hindus believe it is due to the goddess' curse. This festival is called Dewali, which means 'The goddess has come.' We see then how a heathen goddess's blessing is prepared for by millions. Should not we who know that our heavenly Father's blessing is given to those who have their hearts cleansed from all sin, also prepare for His blessing. God has said that he will open the windows of Heaven and give us a blessing more than we

logy, Old, and New Testament History, English history, grammar, French, Euclid, book-keeping, drawing, and writing, algebra, and Canadian history.

NETTIE YOUNG (age 14).

P. L., N.S.

Dear Editor,—My brother has been taking the 'Northern Messenger' for about ten years, and I thought I would write a letter to it. I go to school every day, and some of my studies are spelling, arithmetic, and health reader. I think I will put in some puzzles.

(1)—What is black and white and red (a) all over.

(2)—What hangs and bears, but never blossoms.

LEONARD W. MURRAY.

P.L., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for about ten years. I have always liked to read the correspondence department. I work in summer, and go to school in winter. As this is holidays we have great fun coasting and skating. I have a double runner hand-sleigh that goes pretty fast. The rest of the boys and I have some good fun playing hockey and tag. My father owns the Victoria rink at W., and I had some good skating last winter, as I was up for about a month, and I took a cold and had to get my tonsils cut (I had them cut once before). I have a bicycle and often go out riding at night. I belong to the Sons of Temperance.



LESSON V.—FEBRUARY 4, 1906.

The Temptation of Jesus.

Golden Text.

In all points tempted as we are, yet without sin.—Heb. iv., 15.

Home Readings.

Monday, Jan. 29.—Matt. iv., 1-11.
Tuesday, Jan. 30.—Luke iv., 1-13.
Wednesday, Jan. 31.—Heb. iv., 9-16.
Thursday, Feb. 1.—I. Cor. x., 1-13.
Friday, Feb. 2.—James i., 12-27.
Saturday, Feb. 3.—Heb. xii., 1-13.
Sunday, Feb. 4.—Gal. vi., 1-10.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The temptation of Jesus has been affirmed most difficult of all events to interpret. The difficulty is reduced to a minimum if one keeps in mind that Jesus had true human soul. This was the citadel the devil sought to storm. In his human nature, Jesus must needs make the transit from the innocence, which may be called instinctive, to that which is the outcome of choice. This transit was not made entirely in this ordeal of the temptation, though this may have been its crucial epoch. . . . The traditional scene of this deed, Mount Temptation, is singular in harmony. It is still a pathless desert, dark with horrid shadows. . . . Jesus had gone, impelled by the consciousness of His Messianic mission, which may have fully dawned upon Him in His baptism. He sought to adjust Himself to His calling—to test His resources, and determine a plan of procedure. . . . It is perhaps not pertinent whether one believes this a literal approach of a personal devil, or a figurative description of a moral struggle entirely subjective. The first temptation was to use the miracle-working power (of which he had just come to consciousness) purely for personal ends, and untrusting of His Father's care. The second temptation was to create an emergency which would test His Father's care. The third solicitation was to the double service, God and mammon. It has been well said: 'After all, what the devil does in the desert is to sum up in expressive symbols the whole programme of the false Messianic dreams of the Jews, who only disguised under holy words a carnal and earthly ambition. . . . Jesus triumphed as man, not as God. It was the victory of our humanity, as Jesus perfectly identified himself with us; just such a victory as each of us may win. The weapons he used, also, are the very ones we are to handle: Faith, prayer, Scripture. As Jesus, in His human nature, was made perfect by his successful resistance of temptation, so shall we be. There is both exemplary and inspirational force in the temptation of Jesus. He was tempted as we are. He resisted and conquered as a man. We may, we must tread the same way.'

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

A patent bullet-proof cloth is claimed to have been invented; can be made into garments of light weight, and absolutely protect the wearer. Did the Divinity of Jesus render such an impenetrable armor? Was it impossible for suggestions of evil to enter His soul? Then, how was he tempted as we are? Such a theory reduces Jesus' encounter to a sham fight. . . . The human soul of Jesus was not overshadowed by the divine. The temptation was addressed to Jesus' true humanity. As second Adam, he overcame where the first Adam failed. As very man, he learned by what he suffered, and is able to succor the tempted, being a true and inspiring

Exemplar. . . . The devil showed Jesus a short cut to His kingdom. He is doing the same for men to-day. He whispers to the bank cashier: 'Why plod? Why let funds lie idle? Manipulate and double them! You can replace them. If your conscience troubles you, endow a college.' Numbers fail to say, 'Get thee hence.' . . . The devil has a subtle power to spread a mirage of all the kingdoms of earth, and all their glory and 'barbaric gems of gold,' before the eyes of the ambitious, and proffer them all if only one will install him as master. Pity is, so many fail to thrust the tempter through with the sword of the Spirit, and say: 'It stands written: Worship the Lord, and Him only shalt thou serve.' . . . Just as Jesus emerged from His long period of absorbed meditation, and His physical nature asserted its claims, the tempter injected the thought, 'If you really are, as you imagine, the Son of God, command these loaf-shaped stones to be changed into bread, and by that means assure yourself of your divinity and appease your hunger.' But Jesus responded: 'The Israelites were forty years learning the dependence upon the simple word and promise of God. With their example I ought to learn the lesson in forty days.' Again Jesus felt himself to be standing on a dizzy height. The devil wanted him to entertain in His mind the purpose of casting Himself down; but Jesus considered that to make an emergency for the sake of display would be despicable. Finally, Jesus knew he was to set up a kingdom on earth,—slowly, and by His own suffering. Now, the kingdoms displayed to Him as in a panorama are offered to him instantaneously by the god of this world, if he will serve him as well as His Father, and make His Mission a temporal one, such as the Jews were expecting. The moral nature of Jesus rises to its full height, as with holy wrath He scorns the very suggestion, and cries, 'Be gone!' to the tempter.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Feb. 4.—Topic—New work we may do 'for Christ and the church.' Luke xii., 48 (last half); Gen. xii., 1-13; Gal. iii., 9. Christian Endeavor Day. (Consecration meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR DAY.

Monday, Jan. 29.—A backward look. I. Sam. xii., 6, 7.

Tuesday, Jan. 30.—What God has done for Israel. I. Sam. xii., 8-11.

Wednesday, Jan. 31.—A forward look. I. Sam. xii., 12-15.

Thursday, Feb. 1.—A confession. I. Sam. xii., 16-19.

Friday, Feb. 2.—The right way. I. Sam. xii., 20-23.

Saturday, Feb. 3.—Helped hitherto. I. Sam. vii., 12.

Sunday, Feb. 4.—Topic—A forward look and a backward look. I. Sam. xii., 14. (Consecration meeting.)

Object Lessons.

(Evangelical S. S. Teacher.)

Many lessons can be taught by taking to class a suitable subject. For instance, in teaching a lesson on sowing and reaping, use heads of wheat or oats. Sow wheat and reap wheat; sow oats, reap oats. Corn will not bring wheat, nor tares good grain. 'Whosoever a man sows that shall he also reap.' For teaching 'The vine and the branches' two short grape vines—a live one with leaves and fruit and a dead one, can be used before the class to show how the live Christian, clinging to Jesus brings forth the fruit. When the subject is the 'Bread of Life' the teacher may hold in his hand a piece of bread and question the class about the body's daily need of bread and speak of how it satisfies and strengthens. Then explain that Jesus is to the soul just what bread is to the body. We hunger for Him, partake of Him and sing 'Jesus is good to my soul.' To teach unity or love, a strong cord of many strands shows strength. But as soon as those strands are separated, each one is weak indeed.

To teach the necessity of forming all good habits—giving up every bad one, a key chain with one weak link, may be brought to class and, at the proper juncture of the lesson, given to a boy to stretch. It will of course break at the weak point. This illustrates that having all good habits but one, 'just one bad' habit may break up one's influence for good.

These are but a few of the many objects that may be used to make points in a lesson clear to young minds.

In our reading it is well to keep at hand a note book in which to take down any such anecdote as will elucidate an obscure point in a lesson. We must not, however, relate anything to our classes simply to amuse them or create a laugh. That is time worse than wasted. A Sunday school teacher must not trifle before his class any more than a preacher in his pulpit. Every anecdote must have a moral in it to be a real lesson help.

It is well to study the child mind. Children have a strong imagination. The little girl's doll is her real baby whom she loves and pets and sings to sleep. The little boy's hobby horse or his stick that he rides is his real horse which he strikes to make it run. If the teacher studies this in the child and directs it properly he can help and interest the child all the better in Bible truth.

A happy variety is, every once in a while, a lesson on the subject of giving. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' The sooner this grand truth is made a part of any one's faith the better. A great mistake is made when young people are not trained to give as they should be.

Very early a child can be taught to give one penny out of every ten, from his little bank, to be used for the Lord. Are not the blessings, promised to those who give, better for the child than the cheap adulterated candy or worthless prize packages he so often buys with his pennies?

In the 'Sunday School Times' of last summer was a story about Missionary pigs. It tells of an island in the ocean that was once full of cruel wild savages, but became civilized and saved through the labors of missionaries. Long ago one of the missionaries brought some pigs from Europe to that island, and pigs became abundant. In teaching the people to give for the spread of the Gospel the missionaries suggested that each family should set apart, fatten and sell a pig—a missionary pig. The people agreed. The pigs grew well and sold well, so that the money they brought was over five hundred dollars. No doubt this plan would suit the older members of Sunday school.

The Home Department is gaining in numbers and in interest.

What a good thing it is that such as cannot get to Sunday school on account of ill health or old age, receive Home Department Quarterlies, study the same lesson and at end of each quarter send in their review, together with some coins.

The Cradle Roll is another variety in Sunday school which deserves encouragement. Every new baby should be placed upon the cradle roll. This roll should be hung up in the primary department and every time baby is brought to Sunday school a small gilt star should be placed after its name. These brought the oftenest in a quarter should receive a pretty card. When one dies, a flower or bud should be hung above the roll. Parents have been won through them. I see from the 'Sunday School Times' that parents not yet church-ed were won to a certain Presbyterian Church in Pine Bluff, because someone was thoughtful and tactful enough to place their baby's name upon the Cradle Roll of that Sunday School.

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists. J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.



What She Went For: What She Got.

(By William Luff.)

She went for for a pint of the liquid curse,
That fair small child of my simple verse:
Her mother sent her, and little thought
What more those pence for her daughter
bought.

She got her beer; but she got beside
A thousand evils that eventide;
For she saw examples of sin and shame,
Results of the drink for which she came.

She heard the talk of that bar of death,
And breathed for a moment the tainted
breath:
And the pure young mind got an unknown
thought,
None knew the stain that she homeward
brought.

She saw, she heard, and she tasted, too.
The foaming draught of that hellish brew:
And the first dire love for the drink that night
Was bought with the money by that fair
mite.

Her mother took from the childish hand
The drink she fetched at her sad command;
But she could not take from those blue eyes
The scenes like clouds upon azure skies.

She took the change that the maiden brought;
But she could not take from her mind one
thought,
Or word, or memory of that hour,
Where she in her drunkenness first had part.

For she saw too late that her pence had
bought
A curse for her daughter she little thought;
But she might have thought, and she should
have known
That the house of sin was the tempter's
throne.

O mothers, fathers, and Christians, say,
Shall the children still in this Gospel day
Be offered thus to his Moloch grim?
Nay! cry through your armies, 'Away with
him!'

And if his worship must still go on,
Disgracing the world where the Christ was
born,
Though the hosts of evil may rage and scoff,
Yet over the little ones cry, 'Hands off!'

The Fruits of Beer Drinking.

To check to some extent the evils of the
drink habit in Germany the Social Democratic
party of that country has begun a temperance
campaign, and as a result some alarming
figures are being brought to light. In the
figures which the leaders of that party are
bringing out the statement is made that in
the city of Berlin alone 800 persons are an-
nually treated by medical men for delirium
tremens. In Germany 12,000 persons are an-
nually treated for this disease. In prisons
14,000 drunkards are confined, and 6,000 in
lunatic asylums. One-quarter of the entire
number of lunatics in Germany are persons
whose mental disorders were directly brought
about by the inordinate use of alcoholic
drinks. In the prisons 42 per cent are
drunkards. Forty-six per cent of all murders
committed and 63 per cent of all homicides
were directly traceable to drink. Of persons
convicted of injury to the person, 81 per cent
committed their crimes under the influence of
alcohol, and of persons convicted for distur-
bing public order, or for maltreating their re-
latives, 89 per cent were intoxicated when
they committed their offences.

In Switzerland there is even a worse condi-

tion of affairs. Every tenth death is caused
by excessive drinking.

But more striking are the statements made
regarding the drinking habits of children.
Statistics gathered in Saxony, which is con-
sidered the most drunken portion of Ger-
many, show that school children are quite
commonly addicted to strong drink. In one
school in Leipzig it was found that out of 42
boys whose ages averaged seven years four-
teen confessed to having been drunk, 24 to
having habitually tasted brandy and 17 to
daily drinking. To illustrate the effect of
all this on the children one large school in
Leipzig was taken, where inquiries were made
as to the progress of 591 scholars. Only 134
of these were innocent of the taste of alcohol.
Of these nearly 45 per cent passed through
the highest class in the school. Of 164 chil-
dren who occasionally obtained drink from
their parents only 35 per cent passed through
the highest class. Among 219 children who
regularly drank beer at home only 27 per cent
passed this class, and, finally, of 71 chil-
dren who drank beer twice a day 24 per cent
reached the highest class.

When these children come to America they
bring their drinking habits with them, and it
is not surprising that they oppose temper-
ance instruction in the public schools, that
they want saloons on the corners and one in
the middle, that they must have them open
all night, on Sunday and 365 days in the
year. And the worst of it is that in our large
cities they generally have their way about
matters in the schools.—Selected.

By Way of the Valley.

(Hugh S. Dougall, M.A., B.D., in the 'Chris-
tian Guardian'.)

It was the Sabbath evening, and the close
of a glorious summer day. The service in the
little Methodist church was almost completed
before the gathering shades rendered the face
of the minister indistinct to those farthest
from him. A singular impressiveness had at-
tended his words. Some one afterwards re-
marked that there was 'a tear in his ser-
mon.' It had affected the audience strangely.

Before the final words of dismissal were
pronounced, the minister said:

'The friends of this church are requested to
remain a few minutes longer after the close
of this service. Those who desire may re-
tire.'

There was not much seemingly in this sim-
ple announcement, but it produced a visible
sensation in the little assembly. When the
words of dismissal were pronounced, not a
person but again took his seat. In the silence
which followed, the sexton lighted a lamp
near the pulpit. It had the effect of suddenly
drowning the last rays passing through the
windows, and draping the corners of the room
in obscurity.

When the minister arose to speak, he held
in his hand something white.

'Brothers and sisters, this letter explains
itself, please listen while I read it:

"My Dear Pastor,—It is a little favor I
desire at the hands of yourself or of the peo-
ple among whom I once sat as a man and a
Christian brother; but I request that at the
close of the service on Sabbath evening I
may be permitted to speak a few words to
those who may care to remain. What I de-
sire to say relates to my downfall and career
during the last few weeks. In granting me
this privilege, you will make me once again

"Your most grateful servant,
"Con Madas.""

'In my reply to Bro. Madas I said the pri-
vilege he requested would be accorded him.
He is here. We will be glad to listen to him
now. Bro. Madas, will you speak?'

Con Madas was seated in a centre pew
nearest the pulpit. By him sat his wife,
deeply veiled. She shuddered as her husband
arose to his feet. Partially turning to the
congregation the light fell upon his face. It
was pale but resolute. Every eye was fixed
by his side. The stillness was not pleasant.
For a moment he stood silent, and then be-
gan abruptly:

'I thank you for this courtesy. It may be
needless to inform you of my downfall at a
point in my life when every sentiment and
principle of manliness called upon me to

shelter another whose honor and happiness
was about to be committed to me. On the
morning of my wedding I was induced to
drink wine by a guest. He may not have
known about my great frailty and my en-
deavor after reform, but I did. The fault lies
at no door but my own. Any man, by the
grace of the Christ whom he professes to
serve, should be able to defend himself. But
I fell, and on my wedding day, and for days
after I was intoxicated.

'I would not make this public confession of
my sin and my repentance did not I think
that I owe it to the Christ, upon whom, as
my Lord, I have brought dishonor, and to this
church, upon which I have brought disgrace.
So, standing here in the pew made sacred
and holy by its associations with my sainted
mother and godly father, I as publicly con-
fess as I have sinned, and ask you, as I have
already asked my God, to forgive me.'

He sat down. The women were sobbing.
Something trembled in the eyes of many a
man as he sturdily strove to suppress a cer-
tain undesirable fullness in the throat. Per-
haps it was the light which caused the old,
white-headed minister to shield his eyes with
his hands. Then the unexpected happened.

Probably the minister's wife had daugh-
ters of her own, but arising, she proceeded
swiftly to the pew in which sat Con Madas
and his new bride. Stooping, she put an arm
about the shoulders of the weeping girl. Then
raising the veil she kissed her tenderly. Turn-
ing to the man she reached out her hand. He
arose to accept it. To him that clasp was
the pledge of forgiveness, a token of his re-
demption. Bending over her hand, one hot
drop plashed upon it.

Following the minister's wife came the aged
minister, and then, one by one, the church
officials. Each clasped the hand of the re-
pentant man, and then the hand of his wife.
Not one word was spoken. There are times
when words are poor, cheap things. We pos-
sess for such moments another language—a
language not artificial. The minister raised
his hands. All arose. A few simple words
giving thanks to the heavenly Father for a
wandering son reclaimed, and then the bene-
diction.

The congregation did not move, but stood
in the pews while Con Madas, with his young
bride upon his arm, passed down the aisle, as
if once again proceeding from the marriage
altar.

And so my friend was forgiven.

Youth and Alcoholism.

Our neighbors across the Channel have had
the felicity of being early in the field in the
serious work of training youths of both sexes
in the science of eating and drinking. It was
only in November last that the Minister of
Education issued his famous letter imposing
upon masters and mistresses in the schools the
work of teaching children the real value of
otherwise of popular drinks. This letter has
now been followed by a most instructive little
volume for use in schools, in which all the
commonly-consumed drinks are analysed, and
their unfitness as foods demonstrated. The
charm of the volume is its directness and sim-
plicity, the profoundest science being so popu-
larized as to become a positive recreation to
young people. This is just what we need in
England. Even earnest appeals to young peo-
ple to avoid drink are not merely so impres-
sive as scientific demonstrations. If to these
we add the moral and religious duty, the argu-
ment for all young people becomes perfect. It
is to this work of 'prevention' that all seri-
ous workers feel they must chiefly address
themselves. It is much easier to guard a
healthy appetite from becoming depraved than
it is to cure a depraved one.—'Christian
World.'

More talking about the evils of intemper-
ance will never remove them; we can only
alter public opinion and change the fashions
of society by personal example and earnest ef-
fort to diffuse information.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have spec-
imen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent
to friends can send the names with addresses
and we will be pleased to supply them, free
of cost.

HOUSEHOLD.

Thy Corner Waits.

'Thy work shall be rewarded, said the Lord'
(Jer. xxxi., 16).

(Charlotte Murray, in the 'Christian.')

So work for Me to-day, dear heart;
Thy corner waits for thee;
No other one can do thy part,
So therefore earnest be.

Go forth to serve, equipped by grace;
Seek thou My will to do;
Fear not, if called some ill to face,
My strength will bear thee through.

Stoop thou to do the little things,
If such to thee are given;
For they will prove as angel-wings,
To bear thee nearer Heaven.

Whate'er thou dost, My love will own,
If done as unto Me;
And, at the last, before Thy throne,
Thy work shall honored be.

A Wasteful Dinner.

'What! is it twelve o'clock?'

'Yes mother,' answered the little girl, as she looked round the rather untidy kitchen. 'Isn't dinner ready?' she asked.

'No, it isn't. You must run and fetch me a pound of steak as quick as ever you can, or we shall have daddy in before you get back,' said her mother.

The fire was nearly out, and the grate choked with ashes, so while Alice went to the butcher's her mother raked out the grate and put on some wood and coals, and as soon as the child got back she put the steak into the frying-pan and set it over the blaze. Then she whisked the table-cloth over the table just as a knock was heard at the street door.

'There's daddy! He's come the front way. Run and open the door, Alice,' and as she spoke Mrs. Collins brought the knives and forks, soiled as they were from the last meal, and set them round the table.

But a look of dismay overspread her face as she heard Alice say, 'Oh, yes, I remember you, Aunt Annie,' and the next minute Alice and the visitor appeared at one door, while her husband and the two boys came in at the other.

'Ah, Annie, I'm glad to see you,' said Collins heartily, as he dropped his basket and went forward to greet their visitor.

She was in deep mourning, wearing a widow's bonnet, and looked ill.

'Oh, Annie, I did not expect to see you until to-morrow,' said Mrs. Collins, leaving her frying-pan to greet her elder sister.

'Didn't you get my letter this morning? I wrote yesterday, saying I should be here at dinner-time to-day instead of to-morrow.'

'Never mind, so long as you have come. We're very glad to see you, Annie, only you must excuse me if I sit down to dinner at once. I am foreman now, and I like to get back to my work a minute before the rest when my missis will let me,' said Collins.

'The meat will be done directly. Cut some bread, will you, Tom, while I get it up, said his wife.

The half-burnt, half-raw steak did not look at all tempting to the traveller, and she could only wonder that her sister's husband ate it without grumbling, though she noticed when he got up from the table that nearly half of what had been put on his plate was left there. The children had turned their meat over, picking a bit here and there, but little of it had been eaten.

'Annie, I am vexed you should have caught me in such a muddle,' said Mrs. Collins, when the children had gone out and they were left to themselves. 'If I had only known you were coming I would have had a proper dinner for you.'

'My dear, forgive me for seeming to interfere, but why didn't you get a proper dinner for your husband and children? What are you going to do with all that meat left on the plates?'

'Isn't it a shame they are so dainty? What can I do with it?'

'I don't know what you can do with that; but the pity of it is that they have only had half a dinner, while there is all this waste. Now I should like to make a bargain with you, dear. If you can take me in I should like to stay with you for a month or two, until I can get my affairs settled. I shall only be able to pay you a little every week until things are settled; but if you will let me do the cooking for you it will be something in the way of help.'

Mrs. Collins protested, but her sister was firm, and so at last it was settled that Auntie should prepare the dinner during her stay.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, the widow put on her bonnet, and astonished her sister by announcing that she should go with the children when they went to school, that they might show her the way to the butcher's and greengrocer's.

'Oh, there's no hurry about dinner yet,' said Mrs. Collins.

'I always like to take time by the forelock where dinner is concerned. You make up the fire, and put a large saucepan, half full of water, ready for me.'

When the widow got home again with her purchases her sister looked at them in blank dismay: a cabbage, some potatoes, suet, and gravy-beef—less than a pound of the latter.

'What are you going to do with that, Annie?' she asked.

'Make a meat pudding. I don't want the water to boil; if it is just warm it will do better.' Before making her pudding crust she cut the beef into slices, having well beaten it with the rolling-pin before cutting it up.

'You have some pieces of fat bacon in the cupboard, dear, that you said they would not eat; they will do nicely for my pudding.' And she was so quick in mixing and making that the pudding was made and in the saucepan by half-past nine, and boiling by ten o'clock.

'Now it must be kept boiling all the time,' said the new cook, as she put some more coals on the fire. 'The oven will be hot enough to bake the potatoes in their skins if I get them ready by eleven. Then I shall only want another saucepan for the cabbage.'

When dinner-time came, and the rest saw what was set on the table, there were a good many 'Oh's' at the sight of such rich gravy, floury potatoes, and tempting cabbage, and everybody made a very hearty dinner, and thoroughly enjoyed it.

'How much did it cost Annie?' asked Mrs. Collins when she was clearing away. 'I am sure we all enjoyed it and even Tom made a good dinner for once.'

'Well, the meat was sixpence, the flour about twopence, the suet a penny, the cabbage a penny, and I suppose the potatoes a penny.'

'Then it did not cost so much as the steak did yesterday!' said her sister in a tone of surprise.

'My dear, I always found that fried steak was the most wasteful and unsatisfactory dinner I could get, even for John and myself; and with two or three children, who require but very little meat, it is still worse.'

'But how will you manage to get a change,

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for they are so dainty, they don't like cold meat?'

'Oh, I will manage to get them a change of dishes, and if they have a pudding afterwards they won't mind having cold meat sometimes.'

Under the changed order of dinners everybody was better tempered in the household; so that Mrs. Collins made up her mind before her sister went away that she would carry out the new plan for making things more comfortable, and having no more wasteful dinners.—'Cottager and Artisan.'

Selected Recipes.

FRUIT ROLL.—Two cups of flour, half teaspoon salt; 2 heaping teaspoons of best baking powder; mix thoroughly; then add cream to make a nice soft dough, and roll on the board till half-inch thick; spread with apple sauce, or any kind of jam; wring out dry in cold water a piece of thin cotton cloth; sprinkle with flour, wrap loosely around the roll, allowing room for swelling; steam three-quarters of an hour; have the water boiling before the roll is placed in the steamer. Eat with cream and sugar, or any kind of sauce. If cream is not to be had, use instead a large lump of butter and rich sweet milk.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—One half-cup of butter; 1 cup of sugar; half-cup of ground chocolate; 1 pint of bread crumbs, 1 cup almond meats, chopped fine, 6 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cream, butter and sugar; add well-beaten yolks, chocolate, almonds and bread crumbs, and last the well-beaten whites. Put in buttered mold and steam one and a quarter hours. Sauce: One pint of milk, add 1 teaspoon corn starch, yolks of 2 eggs, well beaten, and 2 tablespoonfuls sugar; stir until thick and add teaspoon vanilla; serve warm.

BEEFSTEAK FLAMMAND.—A cheap cut of beef will answer for this purpose; one weighing two pounds and from the neck, and cut rather thick slices will do nicely. Brown a spoonful of butter or fine dripping in the spider; roll the meat in flour, salt and pepper it and brown in the butter; mash a cup of tomatoes, pour over the meat and put it in the oven to brown.

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More Jubilee Congratulations

FROM SIR H. G. JOLY DE LOTBINIERE,
Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.

Government House, Victoria, B.C.
Dec. 30, 1905.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal:

Gentlemen,—I do not only join in the congratulations which the Montreal 'Witness' is receiving from every side, on the occasion of its Diamond Jubilee, I wish to pay a debt of gratitude for the encouragement and support received by me from the 'Witness,' many years ago, as far back as 1873 and 1879, when, as Prime Minister of Quebec, I was engaged in a hard struggle for what I considered the good of the province. It is so long ago, and so insignificant a matter for every one but myself, that I cannot expect anyone to remember it—but I remember. My opponents used to ridicule me by calling me, 'The Montreal 'Witness' man,' in those days. They did not understand that I considered it an honor to be supported by the 'Witness.' How often I felt cheered and encouraged by its disinterested support, for it was then, as it has always been since, an independent paper, and I will never forget what I owe to the Montreal 'Witness.'

Believe me, gentlemen, yours sincerely,

HENRI G. JOLY DE LOTBINIERE.

FROM THE REV. JOHN McKILLICAN.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' office:—

Dear Sirs,—I have known and read the 'Witness' since the first number came to our home, sixty years ago, and, having seen from many a point of observation, the great influence for good which it has exerted in city, town and village, but especially in new settlements, I join most heartily in the congratulations and good wishes which have recently been sent to you.

Many parents have spoken gratefully of the help derived from the 'Witness' in the instruction and training of their families. Its influence in promoting temperance, respect for the Lord's Day, industry, making homes comfortable—many farms are now beautiful and greatly increased in value by suitable outbuildings,

THIS WEEK'S LIST of Subscribers Securing Our Daily Jubilee Award.

Probably none of those securing these awards expect them on such small remittances.

We continue to receive daily, most congratulatory letters concerning the 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated. These letters are being reproduced in our columns.

Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating our sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the 'Witness.' In another place will be found the special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications.

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars.

THIS WEEK'S LIST.

The list of successful club raisers for last week,

Monday, January 8th.—W. Connor, Ottawa, Ont.

Tuesday, January 9th.—J. C. Macfarlane, Franktown, Ont.

Wednesday, January 10th.—D. C. McDonald, Tullochgorum, Que.

Thursday, January 11th.—Wm. Heming, Jr., Stella, Ont.

Friday, January 12th.—Geo. McClenaghan, Howick, Que.

Saturday, January 13th.—Christina McLeod, Riverfield, Que.

Each of the above will receive one of these red letter illustrated Bibles free, besides their commission.

(Remittances from news agents or from Sunday School clubs for the 'Northern Messenger,' or from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, do not count in this offer.)

Who will be the successful subscribers for next week?

Watford, Ont., Jan. 9, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—I received your Red Letter Bible in good order, and was very much surprised to receive such a fine Bible for the small amount sent you, and I sincerely thank you for the prize, and hope you may prosper in the good work you are doing. I have received the 'Witness' for over fifty years, and the 'Messenger' since it started. I am, sincerely yours,
DAVID ROSS.

Maxville, Ont., Jan. 4, 1906.

Gentlemen,—Yesterday's mail brought me the 'red letter illustrated Bible'

premium, you so kindly sent me, for the list of subscriptions to your various publications I sent you on Dec. 21. Please accept my very best thanks for this beautiful present. On former occasions I received Bibles as premiums, but this one far surpasses any of them. It has to be seen to be appreciated. The 'Witness' was taken by my father and grandfather, ever since its first issue. Again thanking you for your valuable gift, and joining in the congratulations that are showered upon you at this time, I am sincerely yours,
J. M. FISHER.

while improvement in the orchard and garden evidence good taste and instruction derived from the columns of the 'Witness.'

By its influence home life has been greatly improved. Entire settlements, where it has been the family paper, have become remarkable for intelligence. It is a fact also that from such sections our high schools and universities have had a large number of students, who have become distinguished professional men. The 'Witness' has done much to elevate the public estimate of what a newspaper should be. It also led the way in reducing the cost of newspapers, and advocating cheaper postage on useful and religious reading matter.

The 'Witness' has done more than any other paper to introduce the various evangelical denominations to one another, and informing them of their true relation to each other in aim and Christian effort. It was a great joy in our humble pastoral home when the first parcel of the 'Witness' arrived sixty years ago. Its coming has been anticipated. Many earnest prayers were offered at the family altar for the success of the enterprise. There was much sympathy with the honored founder who began his great undertaking with strong faith and earnest prayers. These have not been unanswered. Though the voices of those who then prayed for the success of the 'Witness' are not now heard by us, their petitions are not forgotten, nor is our interest less in the cause that was then dear to them.

Most heartily do I congratulate you on so long and noble a service as that which you have rendered our beloved Canada.

I hope the friends of your paper, from the highest motives, may more earnestly continue to widen and increase its usefulness. With all good wishes, I am,

Respectfully yours,

JOHN McKILLICAN.

MAIL BAG.

Lynn, Mass., Dec. 30, 1905.

Gentlemen,—I may not add the least value to the many congratulations flowing your way, but deem it fitting to throw my mite with the collection of glowing tribute at such an opportune time.

Thirty-five years of careful, constant reading of the 'Witness' has qualified me to say that your paper in my home has

been a source of helpfulness and comfort in its pure, clean pages, in its righteous advocacy of public interests, its fearlessness and the undeviating way in which the rights of all have been most sacredly kept. Its whole life has been noble in its influence.

Long may its pages send out their rich, health-giving inspiration to moral beauty and may your Diamond Jubilee mark the beginning of broader circulation and more handsome returns.

Yours most cordially,

JAMES A. ELLIOTT,

Pastor Dorr Memorial Methodist Church.

Baileboro, Ont., Jan. 2, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—It affords me great pleasure to say that we regard the 'Northern Messenger' as a first class publication in all respects, and the price brings it within reach of all schools. We have taken it for a number of years and have never had any reason to complain. The best proof of our sincerity is the fact that we have sent for fifty copies for another year, and recommend it to all Sunday-schools. I am yours very truly,

E. DAWSON.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 21, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—Allow an English resident of the United States to express appreciation of the 'Witness.' I have taken it for years, to get, once a week, an untainted whiff of British atmosphere. I treasure better for its coming.

Yours truly,

EDWIN HOBBS.

Little Britain, Ont., Jan. 6, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—We have taken your paper off and on since 1860, when our King visited Canada. I was much interested in hearing my father read it the first year we took it, being 14 years old, namely, the same age as your estimable paper. 'To do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.' So may God be with you.

R. F. WHITESIDE.

Grenville, Que., Jan. 3, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—I, too, must add my word in appreciation of the 'Witness,' which is highly prized in our home. Since my first introduction to your paper, twenty years ago, we have never willingly missed an issue, and our appreciation is not growing less. Our faithfulness to ideals growing less. Your faithfulness to ideals

NAME
ADDRESS
POST OFFICE

A FEW MOST EXCELLENT PREMIUMS

To Stimulate Activity in Greatly Extending Our Circulation.

After examining a large number of articles, we selected the following as being the most attractive and desirable Premiums that could possibly be offered. They are all such as will add to the attractiveness of the home; some by way of usefulness and beauty, others by way of joy and merriment. For instance, the game 'Din,' and our Stereoscope will be like 'bundles of joy' and 'loads of fun.' If any one member of a family got to work at once, these premiums might be easily earned one after another. How much more quickly if several members of the family started out. And the friends who subscribed for any of the 'Witness' publications, would have full value—and might be invited to enjoy the game and stereoscope, too. Other premiums will be announced next week.

New Subscribers.

When new subscribers are stipulated it means absolutely bona fide new subscribers. That is, people in whose homes the paper subscribed for has not been taken within the past two years, or whose name appears in our subscription list of two years ago. We only need to make this matter plain to have it faithfully carried out by our canvassers.

Those working for the following premiums must, of course, send full rates for each subscription—and must mark NEW or RENEWAL opposite each.

Renewals.

In all of the following offers two renewal subscriptions will be accepted instead of one new one, and one subscription to the 'Weekly Witness,' or 'World Wide,' will count as two for the 'Northern Messenger.' One reason is that renewals are not difficult to get, but the chief reason is that renewal subscriptions are our main support, and therefore we have to depend upon them.

"DIN."

The New Game DIN



Very Funny.

This is the very latest and the funniest game yet devised. It consists of eighty cards representing the animals and fowls found in a barnyard.

The unique feature of the game is the mirth created by the various players in their attempts to imitate the cries of the different animals. The result is a side-splitting din. Just the game for these long winter evenings.

Full directions for playing sent with each game.

Any subscriber can have this great game of DIN free of charge who send \$1.60 for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' three of which must be new.



COLORING VIEWS. made by a special process, a combination of lithographing and half-tone work, handsomely colored in natural effects. The objects in the pictures are shown in relief—not flat like an ordinary picture—and are so natural that you imagine you are right on the scene looking at them in reality. You will take as much pleasure in showing these views to others as you do in admiring them yourself.

HERE ARE THE TWO BEST PREMIUM PROPOSITIONS WE HAVE EVER MADE.

OUTFIT NO. 1.—Consists of one best Stereoscope and 24 colored views, and will be given to those sending us \$4.00 for ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' six of which must be absolutely new subscribers. For every subscription short of required number add 25c each.

OUTFIT NO. 2.—Consists of fifty views, and our best Stereoscope will be given for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, eight of which must be new.

These Stereoscopes must not be supposed to be the cheapest kind usually peddled in the country. The cheap kind was offered us also, but we knew our subscribers would appreciate the best. The difference in price is chiefly due to the superior lenses used.

We mail to any address in Canada or United States post paid.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE SERIES.

(By J. H. WILLARD.)

handsomely bound. These Bible Stories cannot fail to stimulate in young people a desire for a further knowledge of the Scriptures.

The language is within the comprehension of youthful readers. Each story is complete by itself. The books will make attractive holiday gifts.

For three or more absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, one may select one of the following books, or

the books will all be sent to the remitter of the club, if so directed.

'The Boy Who Obeyed'—The Story of Isaac.

'The Farmer'—The Story of Jacob.

'The Favorite Son'—The Story of Joseph.

'The Adopted Son'—The Story of Moses.

'The Boy General'—The Story of Joshua.

'The Boy at School'—The Story of Samuel.

'The Shepherd Boy'—The Story of David.

'The Boy Who Would be King'—The Story of Absalom.

'The Captive Boy'—The Story of Daniel.

'The Boy Jesus.'

REVERSIBLE SMYRNA RUG.

Size 2½ x 5 feet.

These Handsome Smyrna Rugs are made of the best wool dyed in fast colors and reversible, being same on both sides. They are of the popular size, 2½ x 5 feet, and are made up in Oriental Medallion and Floral Patterns. Great taste and harmony characterize the coloring. Having made a contract with the manufacturer to supply us with these Rugs at a very low price we are able to offer them on very reasonable terms. Though this Rug would be cheap at four dollars in any of the city carpet stores, we will give it away to any subscriber sending fourteen absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each. For every subscription short of the required number add 25c each. That is, if the club raiser can only get ten at 40c, he will have to send one dollar extra.

The express charges will be collected of the receiver of the Rug by the Express Company, which can be ascertained as the weight being under eight pounds.

Each new subscriber will receive in addition a copy of our '1905 in Caricature,' being a selection of about a hundred and fifty of the best cartoons on the most important events of the year.

ONE-PIECE LACE CURTAIN

With Lambrequin Throwover.

This is the very latest thing in Lace Curtains and is a decided novelty, having a Lambrequin Throwover, the entire Curtain being woven in one piece. This Curtain is strongly made, having overlock edges, while the design is of a neat and dainty floral pattern.

This unique Curtain fits one window, being 4 yards long and 50 inches wide, divided down the centre. It will at once appeal to the housewife whose attempt at artistic arrangement has often proved an unsatisfactory and trying task. Simply throw the Lambrequin top over the pole facing it outward, drape back the sides and it is complete.

One pair of these Lambrequin Curtains will be given for a club of five absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, post paid, to any address in Canada or the United States.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

A LIFE OF CHRIST FOR CHILDREN.

This CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST, by Mr. Haskell, with an introduction by the Ven. Archbishop Farrar, D.D., for children, and its many beautiful illustrations, makes a very attractive volume. The experience of many mothers

has proved that even from earliest years, the heart of childhood is capable of being moved by the 'Sweet Story of Old.'

This book has 31 illustrations, six in colors, by artists who realize that the picture is as important as the printed page, and have made this part of the book an important feature. The book measures 5½x7½ inches, and is printed from large, clear type, on an extra good quality of paper. The cover is in cloth, beautifully decorated in gold and colors, with title on the side and back, making a very attractive looking book.

We will give a copy of this beautiful book, post paid, for only three subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each.



NOTTINGHAM LACE BED SET.

Consisting of Three Pieces.

THIS VERY HANDSOME BEDROOM SET consists of one Lace Bed Spread, size 72 by 84 inches, and one pair of Lace Pillow Shams, each 34 by 34 inches. This Set is a reproduction of a real Nottingham design, overlock edges, with ribbon effect, and Fleur de Lys centre.

READ OUR VERY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

The complete Set, consisting of Bed Spread and Two Pillow Shams, will be sent post paid, for only Ten New Yearly Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40c each.